

# Punch



# One ear of barley looks very much like another

**T**HE Whitbread buyer, however, can tell by sight and by feel which particular crop will measure up to the Whitbread standard. He is at the first stage on the long journey from the barley field to the bar counter, one of a chain of highly skilled and responsible people upon whose critical judgment the beer in the bottle depends and whose thoroughness is part of their second nature.

That is why you can have such confidence when ordering Whitbread.



rather dry in flavour and always in superb condition

# WHITBREAD



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## The London Charivari

BY now the *Britannia* may be out of range of Fleet Street's experts in aerial espionage. I hope so. Nothing lately has seemed more cynical to me than the *Daily Express* picture (clearly violating the ship's air space) captioned "The sun, the sea—and a young couple sit side by side in the lee of *Britannia's* funnel, with nobody, *nobody* at all, to disturb them." Or the *Evening Standard's* "Perhaps the wind was a trifle too keen, for the couple soon stepped back into the saloon." Why isn't the *Britannia* equipped with the rocket used so successfully the other week on that American aerial interloper?

### Anything Goes

AMERICANS admitting that they have been caught "lying and cheating" by the Russians, witnesses "scared to tell the truth" and being hustled out of Britain by the police "for their own safety," a vast increase in criminal cases in the courts . . . and now Mr. Marples boasting that his traffic



Pink Zone in London last Christmas was "the greatest bluff ever perpetrated." Overlooking the Ministry of Transport's heady superlative, I wonder what will be the next manifestation of the shocking decline in national integrity. Mr. Amory admitting gleefully that his

last big credit squeeze was pure sadism? Mr. Sandys admitting that the Russians have had rocket bases in Norfolk since 1949? Mr. Macmillan stating that what he really meant was that we have "never had it so bad"? Nothing would surprise me. Meanwhile I am thinking of suing Mr. Marples for towing away my car on Christmas Eve without "real enforcement power." I am not bluffing.

### Tough at the Top

I WOULD like to offer my sympathy to Lieutenant-Colonel Bright, G.S.O. I of 53 (Welsh) Infantry Division. General Pugh, his G.O.C. ("an experienced walker and hill-climber"), having set a difficult eighty-five mile course for his divisional marching competition, proceeded to march



around it himself on the ground that he wanted the rank-and-file to feel that "the management is also capable of these things." It is natural enough that he should want to have his senior staff officer with him; but I couldn't help thinking, when I read about it, of the episode during the last war when General Montgomery, as he then was, was training troops in South-Eastern Command. "Anyone," said Monty, "should be able to march five miles in an hour in full kit; and just to show you,



"... and here is an enlargement of your microfilm survey of 'important installations' in the Urals."

my A.D.C. will do so now." I suppose it was the only occasion during the war when anyone was ever known to be sorry for an A.D.C.

#### Milestone

THE men's wear industry is in quite a tizzy because, for the first time in possibly a thousand years, a shop has been set up—in London—to sell trousers and nothing but trousers. Nowadays, I am assured, men no longer look on trousers merely as a cover for their nakedness, no longer wear them until they are fit only for the scarecrow; they have started buying trousers all the year round. Soon the brain-washed male will pop out to buy a pair of trousers as a woman pops out to buy a hat—because it is good for morale. Incidentally, if women can have stocking bars and bra bars, shouldn't this be called a trousers bar?

#### Mysterious Opening

YET another letter to *The Times* has started "May I trespass on your courtesy" and made me worry about the consequences if the editor said "Yes." Does the law recognize trespass by consent? I should have guessed that the essence of trespass was the lack of it. Then what kind of courtesy can it be that is so exclusive? The opposite of trespass is, I suppose, free access, so if the permission be refused, the editor would say "No" and put the letter in.

How much simpler it is to begin your letter, like another recent correspondent, "Can it be that the days of the flag-pole are numbered?"

#### Con Fuoco

THE retired business man who "because of his views on world peace" set fire to Beethoven's house in Bonn may have had in mind that ta-ta-ta-TA victory symbol in the Fifth Symphony that did perhaps grow a little repetitive during the war. Still, you can't call Beethoven a warmonger; although he dedicated his Third Symphony to Napoleon he tore out the dedication on hearing that his idol had had himself crowned emperor. If any German composer's house had to be set on fire for peace purposes I should have said one of Wagner's; he started a lot of that Siegfried cult.

#### Hard Liquor Going Soft?

IF ever there was a step in the wrong direction it's the reduction in strength of Irish whiskey from 24 to 30 under proof because 30 under proof is the strength of Scotch. Why on earth shouldn't the Scotch be boosted up to conform with the Irish? Everything nowadays has to be levelled down to the lowest. I suppose the next thing we shall hear is that Scotch and Irish are both being weakened to conform with the strength of port.



"Pull rank. You ARE a President. He HAS a President."

#### For the Next Olympics?

IT seems to me that a happy resolution of East-West tension may well have been heralded by America's declared attention to photograph "every square inch of Russia" from the new Samos satellite, and from the marked likelihood that Mr. Khrushchev's rocketmen will go into action and shoot it down. Surely this is the opportunity to turn the whole business of international arms rivalries into a game? When unmanned satellites and guided missiles conflict, the question of bloodshed is at last ruled out. Let everybody sublimate the war urge in this way, and Jodrell Bank keep the score. Arcadia, here we come!

#### A Name for History

IT seems that the name Dyna-Soar has been coined to describe the American project for putting a manned satellite into orbit. How fascinating it would have been to sit in at the meeting when the public relations boys explained the felicities of this title to the top brass in the Pentagon, to see the slow laborious smiles break over the faces of the faceless men. I like to think that one of them refused to laugh and asked what was the point of making a pun on dinosaur anyway, and that another couldn't see why a missile should be named after Dinah Shore. Wasn't it Sir Winston Churchill, by the way, who said during the war that men ought not to be called on to risk their lives in operations with silly code-names?

#### First Men in the Balloon

CONGRATULATIONS to Captain Beach and his crew, including psychiatrists, on their triumph in the *Triton*; also to news editors everywhere for their shrewdness in linking the exploit to Jules Verne's *Round the World in Eighty Days*, and rightly ignoring his *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, of which the film was a comparatively modest affair already nearly forgotten.

... Alvar Lidell Reading it  
(*The Nine o'Clock News* is to be abolished)

SO nine will be the time for plays  
Concerts and serials galore.

Once facts were sacred. Nowadays  
They seem to have become a bore.

— MR. PUNCH





THE FOUR MEN

## AMERICAN ATTITUDES

*The author was formerly on the staffs of the Baltimore "Sun" and the "Guardian"*



### 8 "... FIT TO PRINT" — By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

**H**OLLYWOOD and television can be blamed, as usual. When people outside the United States think of American journalism the chances are that they envision the traditional newspaper fantasy of Grade B motion pictures. It goes like this:

"Listen, Chief," says the tightly-belted young reporter, eyes ablaze with bootleg idealism, fist pounding the desk in the editor's private office. "You gotta gimme one more day. I'm on to something real big. Something stinks over at City Hall. I'm gonna bust it wide open."

"Didden we bust it open last week?" the editor asks.

"Yeah," the reporter says, "but this is bigger. I'll bust it wider."

The editor dismisses from the staff a couple of reporters who have slunk back into the office without scoops, gulps a bromide, lifts his hat, scratches his scalp, replaces his hat, chews a cigar, thinks, says:

"I'm gonna play a hunch. I'll give you one more day. I just seen the latest circulation figures. The *World-Chronicle-Gazette-Clarion's* been shooting up our delivery trucks again. It's either Bugsie or us. Nail him, and nail him good, or it's curtains."

As the reporter runs the erotic gauntlet of blondes in the news-room he looks over his shoulder and shouts his customary farewell: "Hold the front page!"

A few reels, a few bottles pass by. The reporter has been savagely beaten and falsely accused of murder and has worn a lot of rubber off his tyres, but at last the district attorney has resigned in disgrace, the mayor is in handcuffs, and the reporter, with the most beautiful heiress of the year by his side, is at the telephone stopping the presses, ordering an extra edition, dictating a banner headline.

The fantasy-reporter has no counterpart in actuality, yet he manifests imperfectly one of the striking characteristics of many actual American newspapermen, the ambitious, aggressive impulse to do good.

And there is no fantasy in the better American newspapers. First-class American newspapers are consistently the most responsible, the most thorough, and the most constructively

influential in the world. They may generally lack the grace and wit that sometimes distinguish the few stylish newspapers of Britain; but if one recognizes that the proper primary function of a newspaper is not to produce literature but to record news, as accurately, comprehensively, clearly, quickly and dispassionately as humanly possible, one must recognize that American papers at their best are supreme.

The *New York Times*, for example, is a systematic daily encyclopædia of exemplary reliability; *The Times* of London is by comparison the most haphazard and cryptic of diaries. The *New York Times* is, in America, a special case only in magnitude; the same sort of energy, seriousness and honesty may be noticed in papers such as the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Milwaukee Journal*, the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, the *Washington Post and Times-Herald*, and the *Baltimore Sun*.

One factor above all others seems probably to account for American journalistic excellence where it exists, and that factor is the geography of the country. Because of the extensive dispersal of American cities, news can be disseminated in the United States faster by wiring it than by distributing newspapers, and so there is no national press, although, of course, a few copies of the principal papers eventually become available in the more important centres.

As a result of the regional nature of American papers the competition between the big ones is much less intense than it is between the papers published in Fleet Street. American editors and reporters ordinarily do not feel compelled to try to find original angles from which to approach the stories they cover or to rush into print prematurely; consequently, news in America, in all but the gutter press, is normally written straight-forwardly. The headlines in some American papers may seem inordinately urgent, but the text below is usually plain enough. Some British journalists consider American newspaper articles to be insipid; at any rate, it is a quality that rarely upsets the stomach.

In their early days American papers used to be more often reproachable. The history of American journals really begins on September 21, 1784, when the *Pennsylvania Packet* and

*General Advertiser* became the first successful daily newspaper in the Republic. For the next hundred years and more the conventions of newspaper writing were as rough as many of the readers.

Mark Twain, as a reporter on the Virginia City, Nevada, *Territorial Enterprise*, could be confident that no silver miners would be shocked when he wrote that an acquaintance was "a great demoralizer and notorious corrupter of the Saints . . . a beef-eating, blear-eyed, hollow-headed, slab-sided ignoramus." In those exhilarating bad old days, if the news was dull, Twain, like his colleagues, would not hesitate to add some artificial colour. But even then it was felt that he had gone a bit too far, and there were outcries after the publication of

his "Empire City Massacre" hoax, a lurid, wholly fictitious report of murders and a suicide at the edge of a great (non-existent) Nevada forest.

In *Martin Chuzzlewit* Dickens wrote disapprovingly of the sort of papers being sold by New York newsboys:

"Here's this morning's New York *Sewer*!" cried one.  
"Here's this morning's New York *Stabber*! Here's the New York *Family Spy*! Here's the New York *Private Listener*! Here's the New York *Peeper*! Here's the New York *Plunderer*! Here's the New York *Keyhole Reporter*! Here's the New York *Rowdy Journal*!"

There have been hoaxers in journalism in the twentieth century (as anyone may discover for himself who cares to



"What's this? A religious revival?"





"Can I take it out into the light?"

examine my private papers fifty years after my death), but there can have been few, if any, to equal the late H. L. Mencken of the *Baltimore Sunpapers* when it came to candour about his Munchausenian extravagances.

After telling in his book *Newspaper Days* of one of his particularly blatant journalistic frauds, he wrote: "Thus, in my tenderest years, I became familiar with the great art of synthesizing news, and gradually took in the massive fact that journalism is not an exact science." It is because of this atavistic antisocial attitude toward journalism that he is likely to be admired longer as a philologist, raconteur and beer-drinker than as a newspaper editor.

Mencken's case is exceptional since a great turning point in American journalism, the advent of the Pulitzer family. Joseph Pulitzer ran the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New York World* with such zeal and imagination that they demonstrated that newspapers could be decent and daring and profitable all at the same time.

The Pulitzer influence continues beneficently through the annual award of Pulitzer Prizes for journalism of integrity, initiative and effectiveness, and the men who have won them include many of the most admirable American journalists of the modern era—men such as Arthur Krock, James Reston, John Owens, Frank Kent, Mark Watson, Price Day and Edmund Duffy.

Another constant reminder that virtue in journalism is not incompatible with money has been the steady progress made by the *New York Times* since it was founded in 1851. Its basic policy is aptly expressed by its slogan, "All the News That's Fit to Print." Late in the nineteenth century, when it was attacking the yellow press of that period, the *New York Times* proclaimed its purity by advertising that the paper "does not soil the breakfast cloth."

The growth of American newspapers has kept pace with the increase of the population and the expansion of the economy as a whole. In 1860 there were 387 dailies with a total circulation of less than 1,500,000. The total circulation last year was 58,299,723, bigger than ever before, but the number of daily papers had declined from its 1914 peak of 2,580 to 1,761.

Some Americans are anxious about the coalition of independent newspapers and the enlargement of newspaper groups. The fewer papers there are and the bigger they become the smaller likelihood there seems to be of maintaining a two-party press in the country. As newspapers become big businesses themselves their editorial policies, naturally enough, are inclined to favour the representatives of big business in government.

And as the papers become more uniform so do the journalists who work for them. The typical successful modern American journalist—one of the select 1,200 journalists stationed in Washington—is a young-middle-aged university graduate with a crew-cut turning grey, horn-rimmed spectacles, a discreet Brooks Brothers' suit, a modest tie, and a neat button-down conscience: his paper's editorial policy is Republican, and he is a Democrat, but he feels there is no conflict of loyalties because he never writes leaders, and reporting, he thinks, is objective. He has a problem: should he try to stay in Washington or should he ask his paper to send him to Moscow or, on a Nieman fellowship, to Harvard?

American newspapers do not have vast circulations (a quarter of a million is considered good), but they can support large and competent staffs because the papers themselves are vast and so are their advertising revenues. A recent Sunday edition of the *New York Times* (which cost the equivalent of 1s. 9d.) consisted of a three-part general news section of one hundred and thirty-two pages, a magazine, and special sections devoted to entertainment and travel, finance and business, a review of the week, sports, book reviews, real estate, advertising, and gardening. Anyone who protests that such a mass of words must be unmanageable should feel sorry for nobody but the people who delivered it. The readers were able to make use of a detailed index. To have complained about the size of the paper would have been like complaining of a library that it contained too many books.

The hungry maw of the American press is fed by the world's biggest and most admirably comprehensive news agency, the Associated Press of America, which was founded by six papers in New York in 1848. It now has more than one hundred offices in the United States and fifty abroad and has an annual budget of more than £33,000,000. Almost 5,000,000 words are transmitted through the A.P.'s world-wide system every day.

Among the other services available to American newspapers are United Press International and various syndicates. The latter offer ready-made opinion and various sorts of amusement. Some of it is not very stimulating intellectually, but most of it suggests eagerness to enjoy life and to achieve further progress. One advertisement in this year's *Editor and Publisher Yearbook* offers regular features entitled "Thrifty Nifty," "TV Tee-Hees," "Life's Highway," and "Don't Grow Old, Grow Up."

Further contributors:

Thomas Griffith, Ian Nairn, Keith Kyle



# Me, Tarzan

By PATRICK RYAN

**T**HERE it was, staring out at me in big blue letters on the cover of the magazine:

HOW MY BRIDE AND I  
CAPTURED WILD ANIMALS

Peter Ryhiner, the world's most famous hunter, tells his own exciting story . . .

In a drowning moment, it brought back to me my own honeymoon adventures among the animals. Having seen his picture in the magazine and read how he caught an eight-foot python in the first forty-seven words, I am not arguing that the world's most famous hunter hasn't got a big story there. All I am saying is that if man bites dog makes news, then I have the edge over him with my contribution:

HOW MY BRIDE AND I WERE  
CAPTURED BY WILD ANIMALS.

Total recall becomes yearly more difficult but, whatever else my wife and I may have married for, it certainly wasn't money. For the sake of the memories and the neighbours' approbation, we had to take a honeymoon and I sought around for somewhere palmy and luxurious at four-and-a-half guineas a week. My landlady at the time, Mrs. Garnet the dog-worshipper, recommended a guest house by the sea. Knowing by her moss-agate beads that she was a decayed gentlewoman, I accepted her advice. Better by far if I had scorned the moss-agates and remembered that she shared her bed with a borzoi.

She described it as an hotel with kennels attached; it was, more accurately, a kennels with hotel attached. There were more dogs than people inhabiting that establishment. We were the only human beings brought by less than two animals. The owners themselves kept a whole tribe of cats, a pack of assorted dogs, three goats, eleven Angora rabbits and a badger in a barn at the back. In obedience to his nocturnal nature, they only let Brock out after dark when all the gates were shut.

There were no petty restrictions at that hotel; humans could go anywhere, just like the animals. The lounge was a

dumb-friends' doss-house and the dining-room a battleground between man and the beasts. Dachshunds and corgis harried the waitress as she brought the food in, and Labradors and Alsations snapped it off your plate as she served.

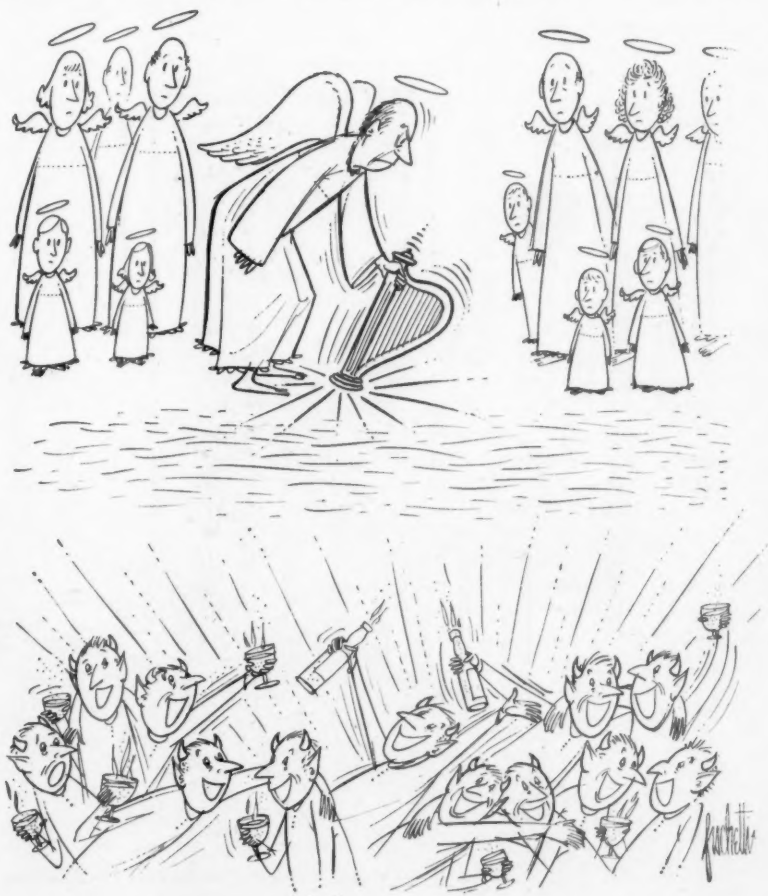
There was one giant Ukrainian wolfhound, a cross between a Shetland pony and a shark, who took a fancy to my wife the moment she walked in, and followed her about like a dog. I found a little lounge in which we could be alone while awaiting dinner but he insisted on joining us. I don't know how they pass the long winter nights in the Caucasus, but I reckon they have to put the dog out before they do. That wolfhound was a dead Puritan. When I slipped an arm about my newly-minted

mate, he reared up on all hackles, clamped his forepaws on my shoulders and pinned me to the settee. We showed him our marriage-lines to prove it was all above board but he wouldn't even look at them. He had me treed there for ten minutes before his mistress, Hilda Baker in jodhpurs, came and lugged him off.

"He don't mean no harm, do you, Voroshilov?" she said. "He thinks you're fighting."

The proprietress showed us to our room with a white Persian cat draped about her shoulders. She fed it from a box of chocolates and that was the only cat I ever saw take coffee creams.

We were lucky to get that ground-floor room, she explained, because Miss



Gower, an animal-lover of long tenure, had only vacated it a few days before. It looked out on the rabbit-hutches and the badger's barn. In the yard between, an Afghan hound ran in perpetual circles of alarm. She threw a chocolate at him.

"Gets on my wick, that Masrullah," she said. "Nervous as a kitten. Round and round all day. Lives in No. 17 up above you . . ."

After dinner, the Ukrainian resumed his crush on my bride and followed us to the bedroom. I slammed the door on him just in time, trapping his neck so that only his shark-head was inside. I wasn't having any Caucasian droit-de-seigneur larks from him. His tiny owner rescued us again.

"Must be that scent you're wearing, dear," she said to my wife. "He's that fond of gardenia."

And she lugged him off into her bedroom next door. The dividing-walls in the converted mansion were only plaster-board and that passion-perfume

got through to inflame Voroshilov on the other side. He snuffed and scratched ferociously till about ten o'clock but couldn't quite break through. Then he gave up and settled down to a frustrated vigil, snorting smoke under the skirting-board every now and again.

Moving stealthily lest we upset him, we eventually got into the big brass bed. My wife was pretty apprehensive by this time. To calm her nerves, I fed her liqueur chocolates, the approved method of getting alcohol down a Methodist bride, and read to her from Augustus Hare.

Unfortunately, our nuptial couch was a nineteenth century, under-strung model. Every time I reached for a brandy jujube or turned a page of *Years with Mother*, the Minstrel Boy played his harp under the bed. At the least amorous movement, the spring underlay twanged like a thousand guitars and their metal music set the Ukrainian roaring crazily behind the partition. Perhaps he'd been trained

to guard the village maidens from wandering balalaika players. The hundred other dogs answered his clarion-cry and shook the walls of that great kennel with their yapping and barking and banshee howling. Up above, Masrullah took fright and loped round and round in thumping circles, making our light swing like Foucault's pendulum and pattering snowflakes of whitewash down from the ceiling.

We lay motionless until the underbed banjo team tinkled to silence. Slowly, the animals settled down and all was peaceful once more. But not for long. It was like sleeping on a musical trampoline. Neither of us could move a muscle without that bed playing "Hearts and Flowers," the wolfhound raising his canine choir to new crescendos and the overhead Afghan bumping round like a demented pogo-stick.

After the terror of four such hullabalurums, we lay tense and still as a pair of paralysed bundlers. Thus immobilized, we fell into a sorrowful doze



"Do you MIND, dad? Marty's explaining the American electoral system."

until about one in the morning when the white cat jumped through the open top of the window and landed on my wife's head. Miss Gower had apparently granted him right of way through her room. My bride screamed, I switched on the light, the springs gave out with the "Harry Lime Theme" and up went the tumult of dogs.

The cat panicked and leapt for the door, knocking the box of chocolates off the table. The door was shut so he dived under the bed. When the rhubarb subsided, my wife, fond of cats, got out of bed and bent down beautifully to look for him.

It was just then that the badger tapped on the window. Miss Gower used to put food on the sill for him and either he was negotiating for grub or just curious to watch a honeymoon couple. My spouse took one look at his shining eyes and grey widow's peak and leapt for the haven of her husband. Her dainty impact set off the mandolines in the mattress and as the hurricane of hounds blew up again, we crouched fearfully together like babes in a wood. "For God's sake," she whispered, "get rid of that damned panda."

I eased myself gently out and beat on the glass of the window with my flat cap. The badger took no notice. I looked under the bed and saw the cat gulping down the last of the liqueur chocolates. He belched gracefully, walked out from under and fell flat on his Persian face. He'd had a good gill of brandy and was blind drunk.

Cats, like people, get drunk differently; some become melancholy, some grow mellow, and some just get aggressive. The Persian came into the last group. He stood there by the door, swaying gently from side to side, his head rolling but his eyes bright and beady.

"Come on," he was saying, clear as Irish, "come on, all of you, one at a time, and I'll fight every mother's son in this bar . . ."

"Open the door," said my wife, "and he'll go out."

I moved to the door, the cat thought I was taking up his challenge and pounced on my naked big toe as if it were a mouse. I yelled in surrender and rocketed for the blankets. Twelve and a half stone I was, three feet in the air I jumped, and landed on the bed with a concussion that brought the

Bells of Aberdovey beating up from the brass harp below. . . At this mighty carillon, Voroshilov nearly lost his reason—God! he thought, that poor girl!—and roused his mob to a regular Fall of the Bastille.

Finally defeated, we pulled the bed-clothes over our heads and covered up our ears . . . dogs to the left of us, dogs to the right of us, a wolfhound burrowing under the skirting, a badger at the window, a drunken white cat guarding the door, and all through the long dark night that bloody Afghan upstairs going bumpity-bump on the ceiling. . . Mercifully, the dawn came early and, with daylight, Brock went back to his barn. The cat was snoring away, spark out on the mat. I crept out, opened the window, picked up the mat, cat and all, and put the lot outside. When my weight left the mattress, the harp rang once again through Tara's halls . . . but this time, no one took any notice. The Ukrainian was worn out by his night-long vigil. . . As I crept back into bed, golden lutes played the Wedding March and the sun came shining through the window. . .



"Remember, if they try to shift you, go all limp."

## Our Man in America

Frank revelations by P. G. WODEHOUSE

UNTIL recently one had always thought of Los Angeles as a city where you could have a pretty good time if you didn't mind being choked by the smog, but now it seems that there are any number of disadvantages to living there. The men up top, anxious to scoop in enough doubloons to balance the budget, are slapping a weight tax on all citizens who, neglecting to watch their calories, send the scales up to over fourteen stone four, a \$1000-a-year impost on the unmarried, and of all things for sunny California a bathing suit tax. And as if this were not enough, there is already a law in Los Angeles rendering you liable to a heavy fine if you shoot jack rabbits from street cars.

It is not in my line, but somebody with a talent for the grim and sombre could make a very powerful story out

of this, taking as his principal character a fifteen-stone bachelor who likes going about in a bathing suit and suddenly gets an irresistible craving, while riding on a street car, to shoot a jack rabbit. I see it as one of those gloomy *New Yorker* things which end up "Suddenly Mr. Jones felt very tired," but of course you could have a happy ending, with the fellow redeemed by the love of a good woman, who persuades him to lay off the bread and potatoes and leave his gun at home when he rides on street cars. Anyway, there it is, boys, it's all yours. Ten per cent for the idea will satisfy me.

A thing that has been worrying the city fathers of Chicago for years is the thought of how unpleasant it is for people to get to their work of a morning—the hurried dressing, the snatched





cup of coffee, the draughty train and all that sort of thing—and at last someone has come up with the really bright idea of a super-bus which will make getting to the office a pleasure. This new bus, plying between the city and a suburb called Park Forest—experimentally for the moment, to see how it catches on—provides curtains, wallpaper, foam rubber reclining seats, bridge tables, television sets and those deep squashy carpets that midgets get lost in and have to be rescued by dogs. Orange juice and coffee are served, and two electric razors are available to those who have had no time to shave before leaving the little nest. It has only one thing in common with the old-style bus. You always miss it.

You may often have wondered how the Louisville, Kentucky, police fill in the long hours and avoid ennui. Now it can be told. Whenever they find themselves at a loose end, they go out and arrest Shufflin' Sam Thompson, a local negro, for shuffling his feet in cafés in rhythm with the music of the juke-box, claiming that he is dancing in a place where dancing is prohibited by law.

The last time they did this, Sam felt it time to take a firm stand.

"Ever see Fred Astaire?" he asked the boys at the police station.

Yes, they had seen Fred Astaire.

"Ever see him dance sitting down?"

The constabulary's faces grew red, and after a hurried conference in whispers they informed him that the charge would be changed to loitering.

"How do you mean, loitering?" said Sam.

"You were sitting down."

"That's not loitering."

"It is, too, loitering."

"Look," said Sam. "You ever seen a magistrate?"

Yes, they had seen many magistrates.

"Well, I've been in court fifty-seven times," said Sam, "and every time the old goat who fined me ten dollars was sitting down. Was he loitering?"

You might have supposed that every policeman present would have said "A Daniel come to judgment!" and that Sam would have been dismissed without a fifty-eighth stain on his character, but no. They haled him into court again, and a seated magistrate fined him the usual ten dollars.

But justice will prevail. The United States Supreme Court has decided that there was no evidence to show that he was either dancing or loitering, and when last seen he was sitting in the

saloon bar of the Dew Drop Inn gently shuffling his feet to the strains of a popular juke box number, blended with a soft, crunching sound of a policeman in the doorway gnashing his teeth.

A good deal of light has been thrown on the mystery of why men grow beards by Mr. Earl Wrightson, a singer in opera, who for years has peered out at the world through a zareba of face fungus.

"Men grow beards," he says, "primarily to regain the falling respect of women. Much has been written of the emasculation of the American male. He is supposed to be downtrodden by the American female and to have lost his position as the dominant sex. It is up to him to regain it by being rugged, and the most obvious facade of ruggedness is a beard. But," Mr. Wrightson went on, his voice hardening, "there are some sneaky men around town who grow beards simply to attract attention. We call these 'unearned beards' and bristle at them on the street. When a man with an 'affected beard' is introduced to a man with a 'rugged beard,' it is like the meeting of two vicious dogs."

## Psychology versus Horses

By R. SQUIRE

IT says on the dust cover of a new book about equestrianism that the author, who is Lt.-Col. A. L. d'Endrödy, "has analysed how to control the horse's mental powers."

It is a pity we did not know how to do this at the Clerkenwell depot of the United Milk Company before the war. There were thirty horses on the staff, supposedly to pull milk carts, but a more awkward gang of work-shy scroungers you never met. A roundsman would disappear behind a house with some milk and instantly his horse would double off down the road to a spot with a grass verge to chew. It might take hours to find him, with angry customers waiting and, in summer, half the milk on his cart gone sour.

Many of our horses were dishonest. They had places on their routes where they repeatedly stole flowers from a garden or sweetstuffs from a barrow. But their worst vice was automatism. We might keep a horse on a certain route for three months but then have to change him to another. A decent horse would regard this as due to the exigencies of the service, but many would persistently try to go back to their old district. At five o'clock on a perishing cold morning a milkman sets out from the depot to go down to High Street and deliver in the shopping centre. But the horse wants to go the other way, back to the Station Road sector which he thinks he owns because he did it for a few months.



Suppose the milkman gets his way in the end and they start work in the High Street. The horse watches his chance and as soon as the man is out of sight he nips off back to Station Road. Sometimes the milkman would fetch him back five or six times in one day.

If we had known how to control the horse's mental powers we could have got some system into our deliveries. But during the war I found that horses in other countries are no better. For example there was a Sikh horse, or to be exact a horse hired from a Sikh, in Kashmir.

We set out from a village and went along a mountain track, this horse and I. There was a sheer drop of two thousand feet on our left and a little stone wall that kept us from falling over. But one mile out of the village the wall suddenly stopped. Presumably all the masons who built it had fallen over the precipice by then.

It was now that my equine friend showed his true self. Whether to scare me, to show off, or from a genuine death wish, I do not know, but he deliberately avoided the inside of the track and walked along on the crumbling edge of the abyss. Most of the time his two outside legs were hanging over empty space. Sitting on his back there was nothing I could do, nor dare do. Broken fragments of the edge went thundering down to terrify the villagers in the valley below, while my horse put on a tremendous act where he pretended to lose his foothold, scrabble with his hoofs and teeter on the brink. And all this with three feet of solid ground on our right where we could have been riding in safety.

I would have given anything to control his mental powers just then, but nothing I could say or do had the slightest influence on him. He scared me out of a year's growth, and since then I keep well away from horses. Nevertheless I observe them and some of the things about them are rather disturbing. For a start, their mental powers are not so limited as you would think. They are putting on an act. When you see one of them, lantern-jawed and horse-faced, standing idle as though thinking of nothing, his mind is really working like an electric clock. And he is looking down his nose at you too.

Sooner or later, horses or their spokes-horses will have to answer some very disturbing questions.

1. Why is so much television horse opera? Who enjoys it except horses?

2. There used to be horses that actually worked, like Shires and Percherons. But they went out, and now you rarely see a horse do a hand's turn. Whose idea was that?

3. How is it horses have dodged out of doing delivery work in Central London and have been replaced by vehicles that are not effectively faster in traffic and actually cost more to run? In other words who benefits? The horse.

4. How did horses become so socially acceptable? In a country where eighty per cent of the people live in towns, horses contribute nothing to the urban economy, yet they are always regarded as upper class. Men work like slaves in cities to get enough money to move to the country. Not because they want to, oh no, but simply because their women-folk want a horse. Again, who benefits?

5. And what about racing? Betting men are always broke and millionaire racehorse owners admit that they lose money every time they win. So who does win, if not horses?

We should get the mental powers of these horses under control before they control ours.

## Hampshire Fusemender's Song

*A local paper reports an electricity breakdown affecting "New Milton, Sway, the Highfield area of Lymington, Ashley, Bashley, Hordle and Tiptoe."*

WHEN I were a lad in the E.T.U,  
And worked for the S.E.B.,  
boys,  
I reckoned as how they never knew  
As proper a poet as me, boys—  
With an erg and a volt and a bolt and a  
screw  
And an Ashley-Bashley-Tiptoe.

In spring some chaps they thinks of sex  
And lasses in silks and nylons;  
I got no time for them as necks—  
My thoughts be all of pylons...  
With an ohm-sweet-ohm and pliers and  
flex  
And a Highfield-Hordle-Tiptoe.

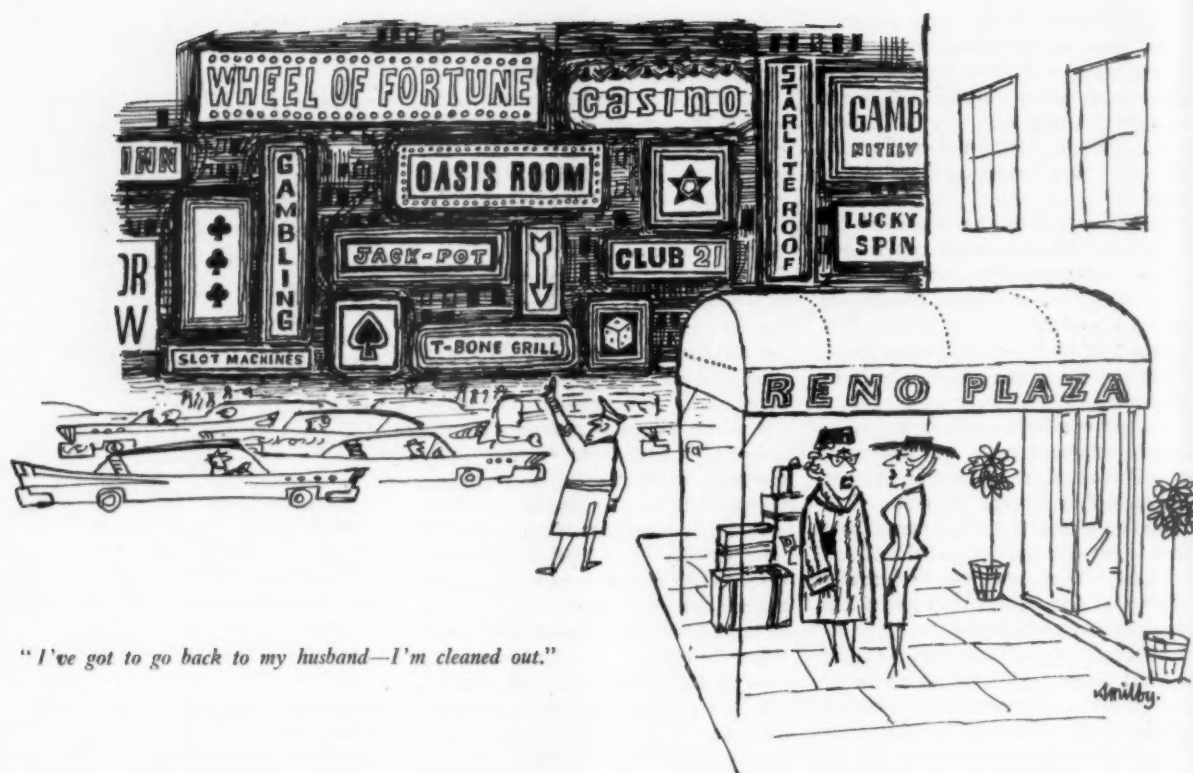
So what care I for folks as say  
That power corrupts? One hour  
Of work be poetry, seeing it may  
Include restoring of the power  
To Ashley, Bashley, Highfield, Sway,  
New Milton, Hordle, Tiptoe!

— ANTHONY BRODE

## Man in Apron

by *Lam.*





"I've got to go back to my husband—I'm cleaned out."

## An Interrupted Innings

By H. F. ELLIS

SIXTY years ago, on May 17 1900, Mafeking was relieved and London gave way to what one historian unkindly calls "an amazing and hysterical ebullition of jingoistic patriotism." Even the normally colourless Shorter O.E.D. refers—under Maffick, v 1900 (no longer used)—to the "extravagant behaviour of the London crowds." There seems to be no doubt that the Victorians, in the dying months of their era, flung their sweaty top hats to an exceptional height in the air, even for them. Soames Forsyte, wandering incautiously into Regent Street, was appalled by the shrieking, dancing mob, by the false noses, mouth organs, penny whistles, long feathers and "every appanage of idiocy." His face was tickled, his ears whistled into. Girls, unbelievably, cried "Keep your hair on, stucco!" Crackers exploded between

his feet. He was driven by exasperation and dismay into the unspoken ejaculation *egad!* ("This was—*egad!*—Democracy!"): perhaps the last recorded use of that exclamation in Regent Street. "It wasn't English!" he told himself. "No, it wasn't English!"

There were, however, far removed from the riotous capital, other celebrations which, whether Soames would have approved of them or not, were certainly English. On a small and very beautiful cricket ground in Sussex a youth whom I will call Jim (that being in fact his name) happened to be batting when the news came through. He told me so himself, a year or two ago. "Mafeking?" he said, when for goodness knows what reason the subject came up. "That was a funny thing. I was at the wicket when they came and told us. 'Course, I was a youngster then."

He is in his latish seventies now on that evidence, though no one would guess it to look at him. It is not so many years since he gave up playing, and three or four at most since he retired from umpiring—and that, so the village gossips say, was more the result of representations from visiting teams than of his own volition. It was felt that he had done enough for the home side, one way or another, over the past fifty-odd years.

"What happened?" I asked. "I mean did you go on with the game, or what?"

He took his stubby pipe out of his mouth and made little jabs at the past with the stem of it while he sought for the right words to crystallize that memorable day.

"Not while the barrel lasted, we didn't," he said eventually.

"What barrel was this?"

He was not, I think, altogether clear where the barrel came from, or how soon, or by what agency. But somebody, somehow, produced one and rolled it out—right into the middle of the pitch for all I know—and the cricketers gathered round and scoffed the lot in honour of Colonel Baden-Powell and the irresistible might of British arms. The mode of celebration seems to me exactly right, in period. On great occasions in earlier centuries the populace refreshed themselves from fountains which "ran perpetually with red and white wine," but at some unknown date the trick of it must have been lost. The rolling out of barrels of beer is eminently Victorian. It goes with fierce moustaches and manly men and the smiling approval of squire and rector. It suggests the apparition of Thomas Hardy, notebook in hand. The beer, after its rolling, must have been thickish and a shade too lively, but the cricketers of those days were not the men to boggle at trifles. They probably just removed the spigot and let the up-rush play on them like a garden hose.

I wish very much that I could visualize more clearly that scene of English rejoicing in an English meadow. Were the players in white, for instance, or mostly in collarless striped shirts and braces? Jim never told me, and I forgot to ask. Was the out-field mown then, as it is now, or left long and shaggy after the manner beloved by writers of village chronicles? How many spectators of the orgy? How attired? Were any ladies there? I do not know. Jim's

pads, or pad, would certainly, I think, be of the narrow open-work kind familiar from old photographs of J. T. Hearne and Tom Hayward, and he would scorn so namby-pamby an appanage as batting gloves. But what of his boots? One cannot picture, far less describe, a historic scene when only the grass and the trees and the massive centre-piece of the barrel seem solid and reliable and all the rest, all the surrounding figures are shadowy and blurred. To talk with a man who was not merely born but batting when the news of the relief of Mafeking arrived appeared, at the time, to bring the event into focus, to scatter the intervening years like chaff. But now, on the actual anniversary, when I try to recreate in my mind the scene of Jim's interrupted innings, the picture fades and shrivels before my colossal, my utterly shaming ignorance of the England of only sixty years ago.

I am not even very clear how the news got through. That it came by telegram from South Africa to London I do know, having looked up the history of the Electric Telegraph in Haydn's invaluable *Dictionary of Dates* and found that Queen Victoria sent a telegram to Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Cape Colony, as early as Christmas Day, 1879. But how did it travel on to mid-Sussex, to coincide so happily with Jim's innings? May 17th, 1900, was (if I have used the Tables for Finding the Day of the Week for Any Date A.D. correctly) a Thursday. Jim must certainly have been playing his cricket on a Saturday—May 19th that would be—and in the afternoon, surely? *The Times* carried the great news on the morning of May 19th (LATEST INTELLIGENCE—THE WAR—RELIEF OF MAFEKING—THE SIEGE ABANDONED—ENTRY OF A BRITISH FORCE say the headlines primly) but makes it clear that London had heard, from the lips of the Lord Mayor himself, "soon after 9 o'clock" the night before and greeted the news with "vociferous demonstrations . . . The cabmen on the ranks set up loud hurrahs when the happy intelligence was brought . . . and total strangers shook each other heartily by the hand" (which wasn't very English—egad!—was it?). How then did it come about that it was not until, say, 2.30 p.m. on the 19th that the tidings—gasped out perhaps by some Sussex Pheidippides

as he tottered on to the field—reached the ears of the cricketers? Is it possible that in those barbaric days the newspapers reached mid-Sussex after lunch? But as against that hypothesis we have *The Times's* own statement, after its description of the junketings outside the Mansion House on the night of May 18th that "similar manifestations took place in other parts of London and all over the country." Must one after all conclude that Jim has confused his celebrations, that it was perhaps the news of Omdurman or Ulundi that so abruptly, and as it proved so fatally, interrupted his innings?

I refuse to consider this last possibility. It was Mafeking for which the barrel rolled. And far more important than any trifling problem about dates and times is the fact—and on this point Jim speaks with the unmistakable ring of accuracy—that when the barrel was empty the game went on. Not many of the players could still stand, "not to say stand," as Jim puts it, but with admirable and dogged endurance they somehow finished the game. Jim himself did not, as he remembers, add to his score after the resumption, but that was to be expected seeing that he was only a youngster in those days. What does surprise him is that any of his opponents were capable of going through the necessary motions to get him out.

There must be many people still living who can recall the astonishing goings on on Mafeking Night in London, but not one of them does so, I dare guess, with a tithe of the warm satisfaction with which Jim remembers Mafeking Afternoon in Sussex.





# SPY ARRESTED AT SUMMIT

## DE GAULLE DISPLAYS "PROOF"

### Who sent him? ask delegates

**A** PARIS, Tuesday  
SPY was found strapped to the underside of the conference table at the first meeting of the Big Four at the Summit here to-day.

He was immediately arrested by French police and rushed to the Santé prison, where he has been detained for interrogation. A brief communiqué issued this evening gives his name as S. Peranto, but no other detail is revealed.

#### "Not one of ours"

None of the four nations taking part in the conference has admitted sending the spy. Interviewed at the British Embassy Mr. Macmillan said "Of course we have spies operating in Paris. Everybody does it. It would be intolerable for the free world to have to rely on the press communiqués." He added, however, that Peranto was not in the service of Great Britain.

Similar statements were made by Mr. Khrushchev, President de Gaulle and President Eisenhower. In Peking Mr. Chou En-lai denied all knowledge of the affair.

#### Had tablets in pocket

Later President de Gaulle gave the re-assembled conference full details of the incident.

He said that Peranto was carrying a pocket camera, a packet of suicide tablets, a lethal-looking knife with a serrated edge, a document purporting to originate in Buckingham Palace, a file containing assorted Summit communiqués, all false, and a Polaris missile.

The film in the camera had been partially exposed, the President said, and the French police had developed the film. An enlargement which he displayed



President de Gaulle displays a photograph of the Summit in session alleged to have been taken by the spy caught yesterday.

to the conference appeared to show the delegates in session. It had been taken from an unorthodox angle.

#### Wedding of Princess Margaret

It was later stated that what were originally thought to be suicide pills were indigestion tablets, and the so-called "Buckingham Palace document" was an official programme for the wedding of Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones.

The Polaris missile was a plastic Gauge 00 model.

#### "Discourteous"

At a dinner at the Folies Bergère last night, M. André Chose, Minister of Weights and Measures, said "No Frenchman would be so discourteous as to attend an international conference under the table unless he had been officially invited."

He was warmly applauded by those present.



The alleged spy—a photograph taken wearing a bowler hat.

## "NOT A BRITISH AGENT"

### Foreign Office Denial

By Our Political Correspondent

**A** SPOKESMAN for the Foreign Office told me to-day, "The difficulty is not in finding out which nation would benefit by having an agent present at the talks, but which nation would not."

"It is well-known that every country maintains intelligence staffs specially trained for this kind of work. You will remember the spurious Chinese bridesmaid who had to be forcibly excluded from Westminster Abbey at the recent wedding."

There was no question, however, of Peranto being a British agent. There was no spy of that name currently on the books of the Secret Service, and in any case the name did not sound particularly British.

It was possible that the object of introducing an agent into the talks was to learn what subjects were being discussed and what decisions were made, and then to pass this information on to some unauthorized recipient.

On the other hand, the man's presence might have some perfectly innocent explanation. "It is a mistake to judge these affairs too hastily. It is not impossible that Peranto genuinely believed himself entitled to be under the table at the conference. We must simply wait for further information."



## EQUIPMENT FOR ALL CONTINGENCIES

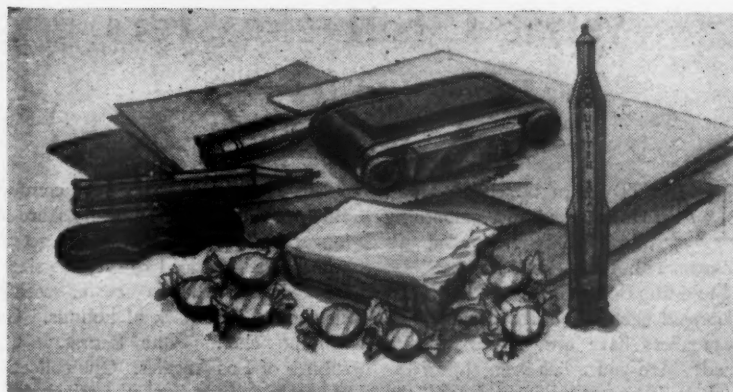
### A Quadruple Agent?

**I**NTELLIGENCE experts are puzzled by the nature of the equipment carried by Peranto, and even more so by certain unexpected omissions. Though it seems possible that the absence of suicide equipment is due to the recent disinclination by agents to avail themselves of this amenity, there seems no reason why invisible ink, edible code-books and miniature tape-recorders were also missing. On the other hand, Peranto had phrase-books in four languages (including English and American), and tissue-wrapped tooth-picks marked with the names of British, U.S., French and Russian airlines. Interpol are still in process of tracing his laundry-marks, some of which are already known to be Chinese. One unexplained article is a last year's Sussex C.C.C. membership-card and fixture-list.

#### Old French Coins

Our Espionage Correspondent writes: "The double agent is well known in international intelligence circles, but it looks almost as if Peranto was a quadruple agent, and certainly he could have hit on no more profitable field for such activities as the Palais de Chaillot this week. Ideally, it would have been possible for him, from his vantage point under the table, to remove notes from the lap of one head of state and pass them to another, receiving cash on delivery. The fact that no currency was found on him when arrested, apart from half a dozen old French coins with holes in the middle—which he claims to have used as an umpire the Saturday previous—suggests that this plan was forestalled by his arrest.

"My colleagues in Intelligence discount



**FOUND ON SUMMIT SPY.**—These pictures, issued by the Paris Sureté, show, 1. Toy models of the U.S. Polaris missile. 2. One of several bogus communiqués. 3. Official programme of the recent Royal Wedding (for code purposes). 4. Russian-made camera, small enough to go into an average-size pocket. 5. Serrated steak-knife (marked "Made in Sheffield"). 6. A handful of French indigestion tablets.

the theory that Peranto was merely a private citizen in search of autographs."

#### Four Languages

The purpose of the bogus communiqués is not yet clear. In the main their terms were restricted to those familiar to all followers of international conferences, speaking of "full and frank" discussions, "firm but friendly" positions, and so on. They were in all four Summit languages, and the English versions contained the strange, recurring error of "detergent" for "deterrent." This has led, in some quarters, to the theory that Peranto was spying for an international soap cartel.

Anti-Russian elements were quick to point out that the models of the Polaris missile provided a significant echo to Mr. Khrushchev's recent distribution of model sputniks in France, and it was at one time thought that they might disclose flaws, when played with, which would bring the U.S. missile programme into contempt and ridicule. No such

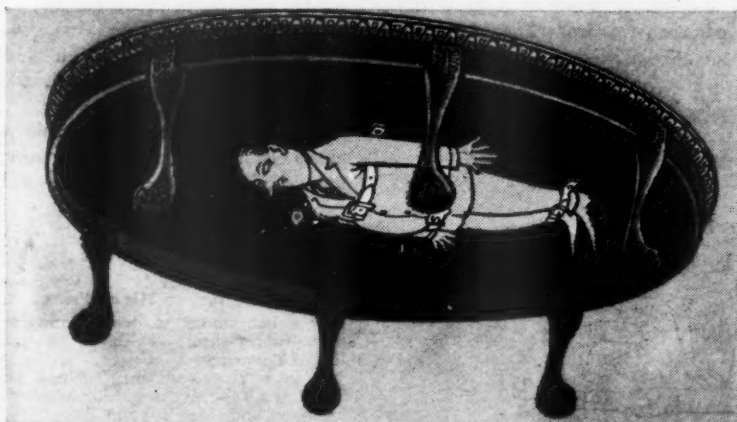
evidence has in fact come to light. There is similar confusion over the digestion tablets. Apparently prescribed for "Gastralgies, Dyspepsies, Dilatations, Tiraillements, Crampes, Brulures" and other typically French ailments, they have been denounced by Mr. Khrushchev as part of a French plot. President de Gaulle, however, says that they are part of an English plot to discredit French cooking.

#### Atmosphere Unhindered

Further information will no doubt emerge during the next twenty-four hours. In the meantime it is rumoured in Paris that all four heads of state may agree to set Peranto free in order that the talks may now proceed in an atmosphere of unhindered give-and-take. Who is giving and who is taking will have to be settled later.

#### STOP PRESS

Three more spies found in Palais de Chaillot, under carpet, behind curtains, lying on pelmet. Confiscated equipment includes gold moidores, aqua-lung gear, "I Like Ike" lapel-badge, etching of Lenin's Tomb, tiny bust of Napoleon, model of Channel Tunnel.—A.P.



An artist's impression shows how Peranto is thought to have gained access to the Conference Room, strapped to the underside of the conference-table.

# What I Tell the Stars

From a Columnist's Casebook

By R. G. G. PRICE

"MINT tea or bourbon?" John Hoop asked me, smoothing his boyishly unravelled gilt pullover with a ham-sized hand.

I told him Scotch on the rocks. Then I lounged back and asked the question my readers have always wanted him asked: "Are you a has-been, John?"

"I don't honestly believe I am," the erstwhile heart-throb told me, smiling the once famous smile that is now slipping a little round the edges.

"The exhibitors say you are," I threw at him to get the wheels turning.

"Exhibitors!" John snarled as he poured himself a double bacardi.

"The fact remains," I said as I rummaged in his silver humidior for a smokeable cigar, "it's five years since you were in work and your last three films were flops with the critics and flops at the box-office."

"I have plans..." he began hesitantly.

I reminded him that he had been telling all the columnists that for years. I wanted something exclusive.

"I think I saw myself as an idealist while the public saw me as a playboy," he said musingly. "When Helga and I split up nothing seemed to matter any more. If there was a party, I went to it and got plastered. If someone in a bar criticized my singing, I pasted him. If there was a revolution going, I took my gun-cases and joined in. Marie was only an interlude. So was Pixie."

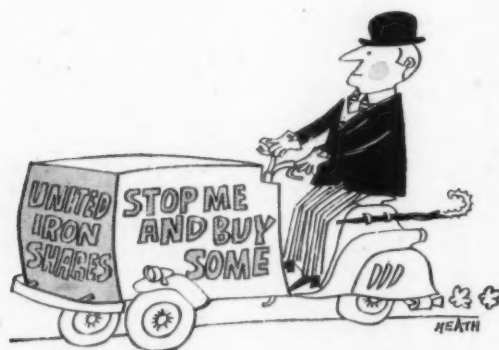
Mr. Hoop does really very comfortably for himself, even if fans are no longer knifing one another to get his autograph. He has two cars the size of small hotels, though so far without elevators. One pack of hounds. One Filipino chef. One Seurat. One suburb of Los Angeles. One collection of early prayer-books, parked in a museum as soon as bought. Yet he stood about smoothing the braid on his swimming-trunks and looking rather lost. I suggested he might call down to the restaurant and get us something to eat. It struck him as a good idea.

Over the meal I said, "You were always a lousy actor, weren't you?"

"You've penetrated my secret," he replied, finding a laugh somewhere.

"You and I know that what the public lapped up wasn't any more acting than the diamonds you've been giving your girl-friends recently are diamonds," I told him, as I passed the bottle in my direction.

John braced himself up. "I think I'm down to solid rock now. I've met a wonderful guy who's taught me a heap. I'd better not mention his name but he's studied at Drama School and he's studied the Wisdom of the East and he's worked out a way of bringing one to bear on the other. He makes me adopt the Seven Postures and empty my mind of everything but the lines of dialogue he's set me. Yesterday's Meditation was from *The Mousetrap*."



"Does he know any managers?" I smacked back at him. "Is he going to find you a job? If he can do that, I'll begin believing in Yoga," I added as I riffled through the cocktail cabinet for a change of liquor.

Mr. Hoop was saved from having to devise a reply by a trans-Atlantic call. His share of the conversation consisted mainly of endearments.

"Lisa is a lovely child," he said as he hung up.

I suggested that if he happened to be thinking of telling me they were just good friends I did not happen to be thinking of making a note of it.

Mr. Hoop decided to tell me that she was going to help him to become a more real kind of person.

"Unless she can fix a job for you soon, she's going to find herself short of alimony when she follows her predecessors into the ash-can," I remarked as I put on one of the Hoop dragon-infested dressing gowns and relaxed.

The time had come, I felt, when I might enquire on behalf of my readers about the story behind John's assault on a gossip-writer in a certain well-known New York restaurant. He tried to parry my grilling with a shield of charm; but the shield has worm-holes by now. It did not take me long to make him come clean.

"I swear it wasn't what he wrote about me," he assured me earnestly. "It was saying that about my daughter keeping me in Scotch. I didn't muss him up much. We're quite good friends now."

An alleged Renoir caught my eye on the end wall, the one painted black. I tried it with my penknife and told John he had been caught again.

"Life-long sucker," I gibed. "Isn't it time you pressed another drink on your guest?"

When I left, quite a few drinks and meals later, that pullover was still unravelled.

☆

## "HOME OF THE HAPPY PEOPLE

For a honeymoon' a tenth anniversary, or a twenty-fifth, it [Tahiti] is clearly the spot *sans pareil*.

Join in a *Tamaaraa*, the Tahitian feast. Thrill to a Tahitian dance. Ride an outrigger canoe. Climb Mr. Tohivea."

An airlines brochure

The happy Mr. Tohivea?

## Escape with Mrs Dyson

Alex Atkinson



## 2. Gorilla on My Knee

THERE is nothing sentimental about Mrs. Dyson's attitude to wild animals. To put it simply, she hates the sight of them.

"They are mangy, bad-tempered, and quite insufferable," she has often told me. "Some of them can give you a nasty bite. They are sly, and usually subject to rheumatism. A striped hyena can be charming enough, I grant you, but as to the rest, I wouldn't give you twopence for them."

Yet she would never willingly shoot an animal. I remember her holding forth at some length on this point one starless night in the depths of the weird Ompombomobo bush country. We were after a few informal pictures of gorillas, and on the third day we had made camp in a tiny clearing, pitching our bivouacs under the giant *lara* trees. While we sipped our cocoa before turning in, Mrs. Dyson sat poking the fire with her sunshade and reminisced in a low, penetrating voice. Some twenty yards away, in a separate clearing, the native bearers were playing their own version of three-card brag, chattering excitedly in M'budu and opening bottles of milk stout with cunningly fashioned sticks. The other members of the expedition—script-writer, first and second camera crews, assistant directors, continuity girl, wardrobe and make-up departments, sound technicians and native guides—had not yet returned from a whist-drive and dance in Nakobi, some three miles up river. All around us stretched the dark mystery of the bush, and the tree-mice kept up their quaint, incessant barking in the high branches of the *lara* trees.

"No, I never shoot wild beasts," said Mrs. Dyson, "and I'll tell you why. In the first place I can't use a rifle, and a buffalo with a stray bullet in its foot is quite likely to become unpredictable. In the second place, nobody wants a dead rhinoceros nowadays, or even a dead impala. Stuffed heads or spreads of antlers look ridiculous on the wall of a modern flat. And does anyone really find it necessary to lie on a tiger-skin rug in these days of central heat and wall-to-wall carpeting? What would *you* do with a dead alpaca or Thomson's gazelle? As for killing in self-defence, I find it much more convenient simply to stand my ground. I have stood my ground before reedbuck, oribi, kinkajous, coaties, echidnas, a macaw, and some nutrias, and only on one occasion did I suffer anything worse than crushed ribs and a broken arm. No, my friend, it is more civilized to photograph wild animals than to destroy them wantonly—and what's more important, it's better paid. The only trouble is, there are too many at it. Do you realize that not long ago I had to *queue up* to film a fight to the death between a python and a red-headed vulture? One of the best scenes I ever shot—a leopard tearing lumps off a dead antelope and chewing them up and swallowing them—just the kind of thing a television audience craves in the afternoon—was absolutely ruined by a sliced white loaf left behind by the previous production unit, still in its wrapper. The B.B.C. turned it down flat. 'The presence of bread in this sequence,' they wrote, 'seems inappropriate. Unless you can supply further

footage showing the leopard *eating* some of it with its antelope, and forty words of explanatory commentary, we regret that we cannot see our way clear, etc., etc.' Still, I don't think we're likely to bump into many people on this trip.

"Don't tell the others, but at the other side of the river there's a stretch of jungle that has never yet been penetrated by humans." She lowered her voice. "You've noticed how the native bearers have been muttering together during the last two days? Fear of the unknown, my friend. They can smell it."

"Are you sure?" I said. "They told me they didn't like the food."

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Dyson. "You mark my words, there are evil spirits ahead."

I slept fitfully that night, listening to a myriad eerie sounds that made the darkness seem alive. I became convinced that the bush was creeping in closer on every side, filled with unimaginable demons. Once, when I heard a high-pitched scream of what sounded like female laughter from somewhere close at hand, I ventured out of my tent still wrapped in mosquito netting. Grasping a heavy candlestick (the only weapon I could lay hands on in my agitation) I called out: "Is anybody there?" Immediately, from the direction of the sound-technicians' quarters, there came a cry: "You mind your own damn business!" and I went back to bed, by no means easy in my mind.

Promptly at dawn the next day we broke camp, and the whole party proceeded to cross the river, each member holding his equipment above his head and wading carefully so as not to disturb the *jib-jibs*, water-oxen and mud fish, all of which abounded. My own equipment included two reels of film and Mrs. Dyson, who had been struck down by a rare tropical pain in the shin just after breakfast. She was not an easy load, for she steered me by the ears and insisted on shouting instructions, arguing with the native bearers (who had already refused to go another step), or snatching valuable insects from overhanging trees and stuffing them into my top pocket. "Do for pity's sake look where you're walking!" she cried once, when I waded into a three-foot hole and got most of her wet; but by and large



she stood the crossing well, and her leg was much improved when we reached the other bank.

How can I convey the majesty and terror of the impenetrable jungle that now faced us? Only, I suppose, by describing it.

The trees, then, were so close together that Mrs. Dyson kept getting stuck. There was a deep, unearthly, brooding silence, broken only by the ceaseless screeching of *m'lopos*, the grunting of wild pigs, the chirp of variegated fan-tailed bush-pigeons, the lowing of deer, the trumpeting of elephants, and the perpetual hiss and snarl of jaguar, lion, bats, lynxes, lyre-birds, raccoons, *wilde-beestes*, *tsetse* flies and the fierce nocturnal swamp-otter or *swot*. What with all this, and the music of the Glenn Miller orchestra from Mrs. Dyson's six-inch transistor radio, for quite long periods one was hardly aware of the deep, unearthly, brooding silence at all. It was also very dark. Sunlight had never penetrated here, and the stench was something awful. Our progress was arduous in the extreme, and fraught with complications of a purely technical nature. Those who hacked a way through the dense and spiny underbrush had to be photographed doing so by No. 1 camera crew, while No. 2 crew photographed No. 1 crew photographing those who hacked a way through the dense and spiny underbrush. Meanwhile a fourth party hacked a way for the No. 1 crew—none of whom could hack much—the prop-man hacked a way for the No. 2 crew, and the native bearers hacked a way for themselves straight back to the river, hired a boat for the afternoon in the nearest village, and rowed quietly home to sell our blankets.

After two days of solid hacking Mrs. Dyson felt obliged to call a halt. Quite apart from the loss of the blankets, we were gradually becoming beset by the most appalling difficulties. The script-writer, who, as it turned out, had really only come to Africa to forget, began to see things, and nobody knew where he hid the liquor; he had to be carried slung from a pole, in which position he raved persistently about a girl in Fulham. We were all severely bitten by *leebe-leebees*. The water was giving out owing to a miscalculation on my part. (It was the old story of how many gills to a pint.) Mrs. Dyson had mislaid her

hat. The underbrush grew thicker at every moment and swarmed with *pangas*, a kind of unknown bearded snake with sharp teeth. Several people wanted to go home. The heat was unbearable. An assistant director, occupationally obsessed with maps and time-tables, announced that we were heading straight into the Belgian Congo, a place that was not in the itinerary, and Mrs. Dyson hit him. I was running a very high temperature. Thirty-seven valuable stick-insects escaped from a big pickle-jar labelled WHIPSNADE, and walked away sideways before anyone could stop them, smelling strongly of onions. One of my boots kept coming off. A tape-recorder operator named Harrison, who dropped behind every now and then to weave a garland of exotic flowers for the script-girl, came back white-faced on one occasion with a recent copy of the *Daily Express* which he swore he'd found crumpled up in the nest of a grey parrot. From somewhere far ahead I clearly heard the sound of native war-drums. It was established after a lunch-break conference that nobody had the faintest idea where we were except Mrs. Dyson, who wouldn't say. Our hacking tools were getting blunt. Our native guides, returning from a reconnaissance, informed us that hostile and uneducated tribesmen seven feet tall were shuffling through the trees with blow-pipes about the length of a cricket pitch away. They further said that they had found and positively identified the spoor of David Attenborough, that they had not been paid a farthing since the previous Thursday, and that a family of gorillas was approaching us from windward, breathing heavily and beating on their chests. At this precise moment, I fell to the ground in a coma, and the rainy season started.

It was a situation calculated to daunt the stoutest heart, but Mrs. Dyson was equal to it. Her invariable practice when things look really black is to supervise the building of a hide, and this she now proceeded to do without a moment's delay. For an account of the operation I have had to rely on some rather hasty notes in Mrs. Dyson's own journal, for by the time I had awakened from my coma I was actually in a hide, thirty feet up a *lara* tree, sitting on a rucksack with a small gorilla on my knee.

Set to and built eight hides [runs Mrs. Dyson's journal]. Felled trees, made lattice-work from interwoven *abmola* bushes, cut peepholes for cameras. Drums nearer. Young man in party pierced through lobe of ear by blowpipe dart. Rinsed wound in iodine, recommended single earring. Young man much amused. Lit fire to keep gorillas away. Morale generally shaky. Hides raised to top of trees by pulleys. Am never without them. Organized production of eight ladders from pieces of wood. Rain put fire out. No. 1 camera crew climbed up ladder into first hide. Hide fell down, crushing specimen-box full of rare jungle tulips (*futilum Dysonianum*). Was angry. No. 1 crew apologized, climbed back, taking hide with them. In four hours whole party safely up trees, including an idiot with only one boot who had had fit of vapours and had to be carried up. Unfortunately by this time several hides infested with young gorillas, while parents waited below for someone to make false move. Parents large. Hostile tribesmen moving in. Reached a decision. Communicating with other hides by means of megaphone improvised from cocoa tin I organized community singing.

It is an unnerving experience to wake up in the middle of the night and find oneself in a hide at the top of a *lara* tree, in a downpour of torrential rain, with a feverish cold, and to hear the jungle reverberating to the tune of "Abide With Me" slowly and mournfully rendered by a mixed choir. As you will readily imagine, my first thought was that we had somehow struck a submerged iceberg in the fog, and for a few panic-stricken moments I blundered about the hide trying to find my life-jacket. "Keep your heads!" I kept crying. "Everybody keep your heads!"

"What's that you say?" bellowed Mrs. Dyson from a neighbouring tree.

The sound of her voice, coupled with my sudden, startled realization that I was sharing the cabin with an ape, sufficed to bring me to my senses in an instant and precipitated a chain of events which gave Mrs. Dyson a few hundred feet of the most extraordinary natural history film of her whole career.

I was down the ladder in a flash, with the baby gorilla only a rung or two behind me. Once at ground level I sized up the situation with a calmness that surprises me when I look back on the incident. (I become daily more convinced, as I go on my way through life, that there is a lot to be said for a secondary school education.) Young





gorillas were shinning down ladders all round me. The parents were sitting comfortably under a tree, leaning back with their arms folded, their legs crossed, and their bare feet almost in the dying embers of the fire. They regarded me gravely, and the father contentedly scratched his elbow. Convinced that all was well, the youngsters began to play a primitive kind of leap-frog round the fire, and I turned my attention to the hostile tribesmen. By this time Mrs. Dyson had got to work with a vengeance. Arc-lights shone down from two of the hides, and from a third I heard the unmistakable whirr of a camera. The

tribesmen, stark naked except for beads, calf-length trousers, moccasins, porcupine quills and crudely knitted vests, advanced fearlessly and formed a circle round me, fingering their blowpipes like itinerant musicians wondering what to play next.

"Stand your ground!" shouted Mrs. Dyson, and indeed there seemed little else I could do. Suddenly, however, I had an idea. From my hip pocket I took a pack of cards and broke the seal. Watched by the hostile tribesmen, I shuffled the pack and then spread it out fanwise. Next I called for an interpreter, and one of the guides ventured half-way

down his ladder with a phrase-book. Through his good offices the following conversation now ensued between the chief tribesman and myself—a conversation which to this day is often recounted for the benefit of new members in the smoking-room of the Explorers' Club.

"Take a card."

"Any card?"

"Any one you like. No, don't show it to me. Show it to your friends. Now put it back in the pack."

"Anywhere?"

"Anywhere at all. That's it. And now, watch closely."



"It's no good — all my æsthetic senses rebel."

(I throw pack high in air, and cards flutter away into darkness. Approaching male adult gorilla, I produce nine of diamonds from under his arm and show it to tribesman.) "Is this your card?"

"The four of hearts! Good God!—a ju-ju man!"

And the whole party made off pell-mell into the jungle.

"Come back, come back!" I called impatiently. "I know a much better one with matches!"

But it was no good. Their terrified cries grew fainter, and the parent gorillas, reluctantly accepting the fact that the cabaret was over, collected their offspring and slouched off into the underbrush, pausing only to pelt me for five minutes with overripe *gogo* fruit, while Mrs. Dyson clapped her hands and cried "Frank Buck, thou shouldst be living at this hour!"

Naturally enough, when we got back to our base camp at Nakobi a week later, soaked to the skin and fed to the teeth, nobody would believe a solitary word we said. The film was declared a rather clumsy fake, and our *leebe-leebe* bites were denounced as self-inflicted.

"I tell you frankly," Mrs. Dyson said, "I sometimes wonder why I bother at all. Why, oh why do I have to be so damned indomitable?"



"If I were Khrushchew on mornings like this it would be—bang—goodbye world."

## The Days with Orson

By GEORGE COULOURIS

GLOSSARY	
<i>lara</i> ...	a kind of tree.
<i>jib-jibs</i> ...	I never found out what these were.
<i>lynx</i> ...	caracal.
<i>leebe-leebe</i> ...	fleas.
<i>abmola</i> ...	something like rhubarb, with hair.

Next week: The Sunken City



### Another World than Ours

"HOW SILICONES ARE MADE  
Methyl chloride vapour is passed over powdered silicon metal at about 300°C in the presence of copper as catalyst. A mixture consisting largely of trimethyl chlorosilane, dimethyl dichlorosilane and methyl trichlorosilane results. In the next stage of production these three constituents are blended in the requisite proportions and are hydrolysed, that is, allowed to react with water under controlled conditions. The dimethyl dichlorosilane units with their two reactive chlorine atoms form the basis of the long chain-like molecules, the methyl trichlorosilane with its three reactive groups leads to the formation of three-dimensional linkages, while the trimethyl chlorosilanes serve as 'end-blocking' units to prevent the further linear growth of the polymer.

In actual practice this method of manufacture is, of course, not as simple as it sounds. For example . . ."—*Manufacturer's Annual Report*

AT the first rehearsal of what turned out to be a monumental flop (it closed after one performance) I became aware of a rather gigantic young man, with a cavernous bass voice and the figure of a Japanese wrestler. This, needless to say, turned out to be Orson Welles, at that time known as the boy wonder or the Triple Threat Man (actor, writer, director). I was in revolt against the legend; it is a role that comes easily to me.

I badgered Orson with questions like "Why did you just do this *Macbeth* with an all-coloured cast?" (a reference to his latest sensational success in the Government-sponsored theatre project). "Just to be different, wasn't it? And what about the time *Macbeth* got ill, in Indianapolis, and you had to rush there and black up all over to play a Scotsman—didn't you feel rather silly, sloshing on the bole?"

Orson was too "big a guy" to allow such heckling to stop him asking me to play Anthony when he was planning his first real Broadway production, *Julius*

*Cæsar* in modern dress (no scenery). So I found myself on a chilly October morning in a ruined bootleg brewery on the banks of the Hudson grappling with "Friends, Romans, Countrymen," surrounded by chunks of falling ceiling.

The production was a smashing success. Its course was enlivened, if that is the right word, by a series of minor catastrophes. For instance, one evening Welles practically demolished Cæsar by (accidentally) severing an artery in his arm in the assassination scene. For once Anthony's speech beginning "O pardon me thou bleeding piece of earth" had real point. The dictator, you will be glad to know, recovered, after a month in hospital.

During a *matinée* later on tropical rain suddenly descended, in dense sheets. This was caused by the youngest member of the cast, the boy Lucius, fiddling with the working of the fire prevention system in the privacy of his dressing-room. Since the rain with utter impartiality descended on the audience too (even the cheapest seats



getting a short downpour) the theatre historians are still trying to decide whether this was the first manifestation in the U.S.A. of the famed Brecht alienation effect. (For readers of *Encore* magazine and of Ken Tynan, *Verfremdungseffekt*.)

The next catastrophe was nationwide, starting with the utter disorganization of New Jersey one peaceful summer night. I take it that everyone knows all about the famous broadcast describing the landing of the Martians, a version of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*. As a direct consequence I found myself, in the middle of 1939, on the train to California, with a contract from R.K.O. guaranteeing me five weeks' salary at a quite handsome figure. I was to appear, along with several other Mercury actors, in Orson's first film project, a version of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. We had at that time

no script, but as each of us had been handed a leaflet describing briefly the character we were to play, with a short list of idiosyncrasies, we were not worried; after all, we did have a five-week guarantee. I read mine over on the train. It said "If you fell into a pit you probably wouldn't attempt to get out, but if you did start trying you'd probably never stop." I searched through the story, but could find no evidence that my character ever went near a pit. "Good," I thought, settling back contentedly, "Orson's still in the groove."

Let us skim contentedly through the five-week guarantee period, bathed in the peculiar California sun, which has all the quality of moonshine. Nothing was required of us, apparently, save to sign for that weekly cheque.

At the end of the five weeks Orson summoned a meeting of his actors,

dismissed Conrad summarily as unmalleable and unco-operative, saying in effect "He's a dead duck, we're not taking up his option. Ambler's the man, and *Smiler with a Knife* the book. We haven't started on the script yet, but don't worry, boys, you're all on the R.K.O. payroll until the script's ready, and at your present salaries. Another thing, I want you to look on me as your group father. Come to me if anything at all worries you, day or night."

"On the payroll until the script's ready—what does he mean, worry?—what's there to worry about?" I thought bemusedly, as some hours later I sent off a wire to my wife which can be summarized thus: Very profitable script trouble. Come at once. Have taken furnished house complete with Japanese gardener, cook and maid.

On Wednesday of the following week two things happened. We were told we were off the R.K.O. payroll. Orson disappeared.

I will not go into details of the following many weeks. We were a group of New York theatre and radio actors at sea in Hollywood. There didn't seem to be much demand for our services. This was explained later, when we discovered that our joint agent, who was also Orson's, had strict instructions from the elusive Orson not to offer us anywhere else. Orson must have new faces for his first film.

Big Daddy eventually reappeared. As far as I remember I first caught sight of him again in the R.K.O. canteen. I sat down anxiously at his table and ordered something quite inexpensive, and as soon as possible said "Orson, please let Al (the agent) try to get us other jobs."

"George, I can't," he replied. "It'll lessen your impact."

"But, Orson, my impact is getting less day by day, so is my family's."

"I know, George, it's a problem, but there it is."

I had to damage my impact, injure my schoolgirl complexion and take a couple of parts in films now forgotten. Then one night Orson summoned me to his mountain-top chalet and outlined the story of Kane. The period of Kane remains in my memory as a mélange of pastry tubes, old silk stockings, corn flakes, dim lighting and terribly low ceilings.

The first scene I played was with



Agnes Moorhead. I had to take over the boy Kane in the middle of a Colorado blizzard. For snow Orson tried everything, including, of all things, snow. We tried all the breakfast foods. Nothing worked but corn flakes. So we spent three days up to the neck in them. They're much worse than crumbs in bed.

We spent five hours at a time, starting at 5 a.m. in the make-up chair, having liquid rubber squirted all over our faces, and silk stockings glued to our pates. Toland, the lighting camera man, was a genius, full of revolutionary ideas, such as universal focus (background figures just as clear as those in the foreground). He believed that ceilings had never been evident enough in films. Have a look at the Kane ceiling during the next revival.

The lighting was a bit too low to please actors, who nearly always like to be clearly visible. There must have been a lot of subterranean activity going on at R.K.O. as Kane went on its tortuous and lengthy course. The front office couldn't do a thing to hurry it up because of Orson's contract, which gave him *carte blanche*—blancher than ever Renoir, Claire, Murnau, Duvivier, etc., were ever able to get out of the Hollywood tycoons.

We did finish eventually. At the party to celebrate in Orson's bungalow dressing-room I tried to act as his conscience and steer him back to the straight and narrow path of the theatre, asking him to do more productions such as *Faustus*, *Cæsar* and *Heartbreak House*. He strode around, Scotch in hand, declaiming "I can do anything—out-Barnum Barnum, out-Hitchcock Hitchcock!"

I tip-toed off to the projection-room to see, with all the others, the first run of the complete rough cut of the film. At the end in the darkness a voice was heard: "I think it stinks . . . Not a dame worth looking at in the whole god-damn film." Then, from Orson, "You may be right." This candidate for immortality turned out to be an assistant publicity man who had just been fired, but had crept in. But who knows whether he would have liked *Heart of Darkness* any better?

☆

#### In the Toyshops Now

"B.O.A.C. Men in Gold Case."  
Daily Sketch

## Who's for the White House?

By JEREMY KINGSTON

FROM now on we shall have to read a great deal about whether Stevenson will run again, and is Nixon now a statesman, and how will birth control in India affect Kennedy. We shall have to distinguish between a Nixon-Rockefeller ticket and a Rockefeller-Nixon ticket, and try to remember whether the Southern Democrats are more Democratic or not than the Republicans, and which one has the elephant and which the donkey, and whether there is a special Southern elephant (or donkey). And there are going to be Primaries and Pluralities and As-Maine-goes-so-goes-the-nation. And photographs of Conventions with rows of men labelled West Virginia and Oklahoma—and Alaska too, presumably, and Hawaii. And the purpose of all this liking Ike and being madlai for Adlai and fixin' for Nixon will be—yes—to elect this November the man who

from 1961 for the next four years will be President of the United States. And the whole affair is going to be quite useless because in all likelihood he won't be. Won't, that is, be President from 1961 for the next four years. He will die in office because precedent since 1840 has it that he will. Because by one of those curious little facts that endear History to us, those men elected President in years divisible by twenty always do die in office.

To examine this unlikely story.

Since George Washington was elected President in 1788 there have been nine years divisible by twenty—1800, 1820, 1840, etc. etc. to 1940. Seven Presidents have so far died in office. Six of them were elected in such years. Admittedly, Thomas (1800) Jefferson and James (1820) Monroe lived out both their first and second terms as President and died years after they had retired from public



"Do try the cup—Mr. Johnson here gave us the recipe."



life. But traditions not only die hard but are born hard, and the Republic was then young.

Admittedly also, one Zachary Taylor was elected in 1848 and died in 1850, but with the exception of this Taylor the only Presidents to die as Presidents have been those elected in 1840, 1860, 1880, 1900, 1920 and 1940. It is a record to make even the most ambitious 1960 candidate pause.

It all began in 1840 when the one-time frontier-hero William Henry Harrison was elected. His campaign became known as the "log cabin and hard cider" campaign because his house had once been a log cabin and he drank cider and not wine. He died one month after being inaugurated—apparently because of shock at the extent of his change in circumstances.

In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected President for the first time. He was elected again in 1864 and a month after his second inauguration the actor John Wilkes Booth crept into his box at Ford's Theatre and shot him through the head.

In 1880 James Abram Garfield became President. Having been farm-boy, deck-hand, and major-general, he defeated the Democratic candidate General Hancock (nearly everyone was a general about then) but had been President for only four months when he was shot down in a Washington railway station by a disappointed office-seeker.

William McKinley first became President in 1896 and it is clear that no one had yet understood the pattern of

deaths because he allowed himself to be re-elected in the fatal year (for Presidents) of 1900. Six months after his second Inauguration he was shot by an anarchist called Czolgosz while attending the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo.

When Warren Gamaliel Harding, elected in 1920, had survived until 1923, it might have been thought that the "curse" was at last laid. On an August evening of that year, however, he collapsed suddenly and was dead by the following morning.

The last President to die in office was Franklin Delano Roosevelt who was elected four times in all, in 1932, in 1936, in 1940 and in 1944. He died one month after his fourth Inauguration.

It would seem clear, therefore, that let who will become President, the really ambitious man this year will aim

for the Vice-Presidency and cling to it no matter how many times the President is re-elected. For if precedent is anything at all to go by, some time he will succeed him. How right the supporters of Eisenhower were in 1956 to deny that he would die in office. It was not possible for him to—though he will do so if re-elected this year. How wise of Rockefeller to decline nomination for this election. If he is wise he will decline it in 1980 also. And if Stevenson is still anxious to become President, the surest way is for him to secure nomination as Vice-President to anyone, Kennedy, Symington—even Nixon—and wait calmly for History to push him, as it pushed John Tyler and Andrew Johnson and General Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge and Truman before him, into the foreground.

## Health Bureau

By DIZZ

*Our Consultant G.P. deals with some medical problems of wide interest*

**Q.** DOES it not cause a lot of hardship that the private patient still has to pay for his medicines when everyone else gets them free?

**A.** The amount of hardship must vary from practice to practice. In mine the problem has not yet arisen. My private patient keeps remarkably fit, and I have seen her only once since 1948, and then she came for a certificate. I used to collect free medical samples in case she ever needed anything. However, I now have so many that she can never really be bad enough to use them all up. There is the further suspicion that if ever she is as bad as all that she will certainly cease to be a private patient.

**Q.** I am different from other people. Among other things I never have a temperature, even when I am very feverish. I am now slimming, and in addition to diet my doctor has given me tablets to suppress my appetite. I take them before meals, but curiously enough they take effect only after the meal. Should I take more of them?

**A.** Your problem is by no means unusual. I don't think it is a question

of more tablets but larger ones—ones about the size of a bath bun are being considered.

**Q.** I have had many doctors, not all at the same time, because that does not seem to be allowed. None of them has done me any good. They all seemed out of touch with me, and mostly sent me to psychiatrists who seemed out of touch with everything. I have been advised to try "The Box." Can you tell me anything about it?

**A.** Many Top People consult "The Box" regularly. However, I do not think that the B.M.A. is prepared to concede so much to Black Magic yet. My more candid patients tell me that in general it is wrong nearly as often as I am, but it is much more interesting (it hasn't got to work so hard for so little, so it has more time to be interesting). There are many Boxes up and down the country, with varying degrees of prestige. The more outstanding among them enjoy a type of Merit Award. The list of these is, of course, secret, so I cannot help you there. However, you could attend a reputable Box, and if you find yourself *en rapport* you might consider buying one for

yourself and you could have a daily consultation on a "Do-it-yourself" basis.

*Q.* My friend has some pills called *Bon Soir*. I am not sure whether they are contraceptive or tranquillizers, but they suit me. I have been much better since taking them. Of course we don't take them regularly—just when we need them. Can I get them on the National Health?

*A.* I am not familiar with the product you mention, but you can certainly get it on the N.H. as long as it isn't actually nourishing. Your doctor will have to believe that you need it. It will generally be sufficient to tell him so. If he is unco-operative, a few consultations and some visits to your home are bound to make him see your point of view. In cases of real obstinacy you may have to resort to a little brainwashing. Some broken nights, preferably in succession, telephones ringing, and always a veiled threat of litigation, will condition him into signing anything. I advise people never to change their doctors until all methods of attrition have failed. It just means starting all over again.

*Q.* For our holiday at the seaside should we take only our medical cards or should we take case histories of all the family as well? I mean, if the weather is bad we could spend the day at a surgery having a good check-up.

*A.* Either you have been reading advice intended for Members of the Institute of Directors, or you don't know seaside doctors. Take only your cards.

*Q.* My doctor is not at all like the doctors on TV. He hurries through consultations, concentrating almost wholly on bodily functions. I have not actually had experience of adultery, prostitution, suicide, delinquency, A.I.D. or E.S.P., but my friends have. When I try to discuss these things with him he looks at his watch, rustles his papers, or even tries to telephone the hospital. He can't even discuss the children's schooling.

*A.* You and your friends have the ordinary interests of modern people, and your doctor, like so many G.P.s, appears to be overlooking much of the drama of life. It would be much more exciting if he attacked you with a scalpel, but he probably thinks that he would have to explain himself to so many committees that it would be scarcely worth while.

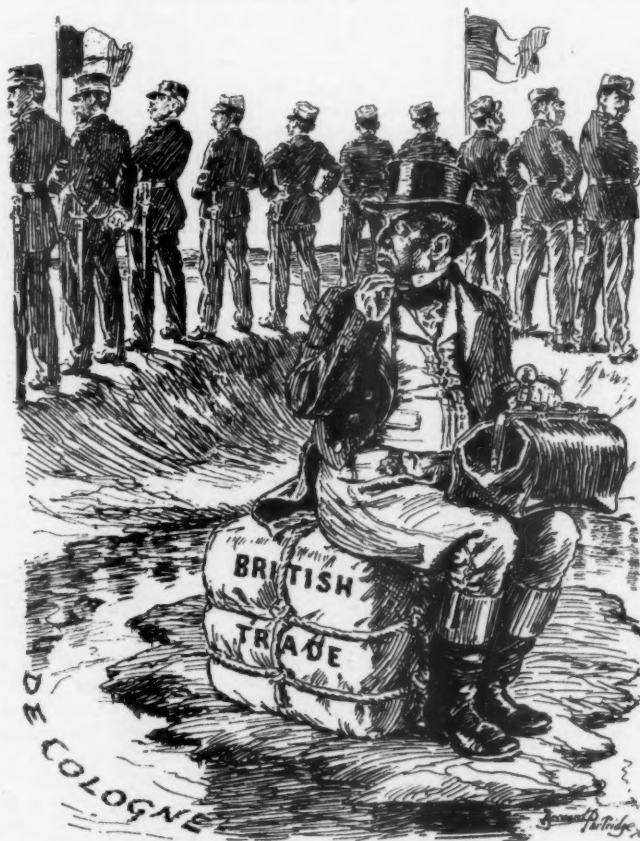
## Retired Businessman

THE small moustache is white now, but the figure  
Becomes more like a soldier's year by year  
As if buoyed up by the redundant vigour  
That used to be expended upon Sheer  
Hard Work, on things like Making no Mistake,  
Keeping in Front, and Getting the Job Done—  
Never for anybody else's sake  
And never, it is needless to say, for fun.

Nature is careless, wasteful beyond measure  
To squander on this outworn creature more  
Strength than is just enough. Not that *he* wonders  
Why he should now, so late in life, find pleasure  
In scheming trusts for great-grandchildren, or  
In ordering the latest floribundas. — PETER DICKINSON

## THEN AS NOW

John Bull's tariff difficulties in 1923 show that apprehension about the Common Market is no new thing

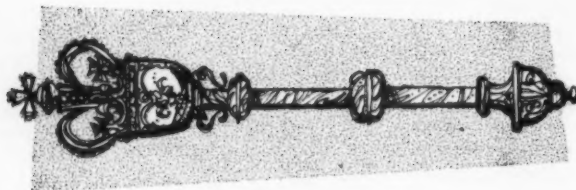


JOHN BULL'S LATEST ISLAND.

March 21, 1923



# Essence



## of Parliament

IT is interesting to speculate what exactly Mr. Alport was promising when he announced that "full weight" should be given to the Prime Minister's statement that the interest of the Africans would be considered in any constitutional reform in Southern Rhodesia. How much weight is full? Mr. Alport is not one of those who have the happy knack of appearing to say something when they are saying nothing, and his statement about the negotiations with Sir Edgar Whitehead amounted to so little that the Opposition—and not the Opposition alone—wondered, as with the epitaph on the baby's tomb, if it was so soon to be done for, what it was ever begun for. How different is the technique of Mr. Macleod, who has to answer for Northern Rhodesia while Mr. Alport lays on for Southern. Gone are the old flare-ups of Mr. Lennox-Boyd. Mr. Callaghan, on the Front Opposition bench, purrs with contented admiration for Mr. Macleod's confidence, and Mr. Macleod, like Aristotle's great-hearted man, "thinks himself worthy of the greatest things, being worthy." He certainly is at the moment the Cabinet's leading batsman. His technique contrasts not only with that of Mr. Alport but also with that of Mr. John Rodgers, who insists on trying to answer some eight questions from Scottish Members at once. The object of the exercise is to save time, since all the answers are allegedly the same, but the Scottish Members take up so much time in protest that none is saved—rather the reverse.

Everybody has got rather bored with the Betting and Gambling Bill which seems to have been going on since the beginning of time. So no one was expecting that much would come out of the debate on its Report Stage. But one never knows. There was a charming little debate on Mr. Rees-Davies' amendment to delete the Government's clause to forbid anyone under eighteen from gaming without the permission "special or general" of his or her parent or guardian and other than in a private house. This is the kind of clause that all too easily slips into an Act of Parliament without anyone noticing and remains there as a permanent evidence that the Law is a Hass. One had only to notice the clause to see its absurdity—to see the absurdity of police forcing their way into a private house to see if there were any young persons there playing dominoes without the permission of their parents. Colonel Wigg was irrepressible in the cause of liberty and for its dear sake was even willing to be associated temporarily with Old Etonians, and the debate was most attractive for a charming little speech from Mr. Channon, who spoke feelingly of the boyhood delight of playing whist in a railway train with a parent for a penny point on the way to the seaside holiday—a picture to those who knew and loved his father as pleasant as it is improbable. Mr. Curran made strangely heavy weather over this harmless laughter. He said that betting was a great

evil—which is a tenable point of view—and that everything should be done to discourage the young from indulging in it, but, when he went on to argue that even unenforceable laws against it were better than no laws at all, surely he lost sight of statesmanship. Mr. Marten, of Banbury, himself by confession an ex-spy, on Thursday found even spying funny. So is it so great a sin to laugh at the idea of sipping on a horse? Later on, Mr. Blyton, that most splendid of living men, rose in all the wrath of Durham to denounce the suggestion that dominoes was a game of chance. He was prepared to take on any of the Home Secretary's advisers at "fives and threes" and beat them. A couple of Home Office officials, pale to the gills, were observed to sneak out of the Civil Servants' box at the menace of this appalling challenge.

Policemen notoriously have big feet but Mr. Mellish has made the discovery that they also have bald heads. This, he alleges, is due to their helmets. But whether they really have less hair than the rest of us is vigorously disputed. Doubtless in due course a Royal Commission under the chairmanship of Lord Radcliffe or Sir Ernest Gowers will be set up to establish the facts of the situation. Meanwhile both the Houses have been filling in their quiet interstices by talking about education, tiny-tots and the primary schools in the Commons, hobbledehos and the Universities in the Lords. I do not know that either got us very much farther, except perhaps to elucidate from Lord Hailsham the curious judgment that we needed more graduates in order to save us from being ruled by charlatans and crooks. One would have thought that Masters of Arts contributed at least their fair share to both of those curious types of undesirables.

Both Houses felt that they could not decently let the week go out without saying something about the Summit. The Lords, to be sure, did not get very far with their saying. Lord Stansgate insisted in spite of Lord Hailsham's protest in raising the question of the American plane and Lord Hailsham bluntly cut him short by moving that "the noble lord be not heard"—which is the only way to bring a debate in the Lords to an end. Their lordships agreed, even Lord Alexander of Hillsborough, Lord Stansgate's leader, not seeming to think very much of him. Ear trumpets were downed, and that was that. The Commons took at any rate longer to say nothing. Neither Mr. Gaitskell nor Mr. Selwyn Lloyd got us very much farther. They were not much to be blamed for that, for what was there to say except "God speed"? Mr. Gaitskell suggested that China and India should be brought into the disarmament talks. Mr. Lloyd did not disagree with him but said that the other Powers would not accept any more members of the club. That is the inevitable trouble of foreign affairs debates in this year of grace. Critics can suggest new policies, but a British Government, which is but one among many, can only do what others agree shall be done. Mr. Grimond and Mr. Healey were clearly right in saying that the most important of all problems, that of finding a way out of the Russo-American armament race, was one to which the British Government could make but little contribution. Mr. Pitman spoke eloquently for the world, but he only represents Bath. Mr. Denis Healey, winding up for the Socialists, was unexceptionable but not exciting. He gave us one good phrase when he said that recently both Mr. Khrushchev and President Eisenhower had "missed several wonderful opportunities of keeping their mouths shut." Mr. Macmillan, busy with the Commonwealth, had not been able to listen to the debate but he spoke a few words at the end. It sounds as if he has persuaded himself a little beyond the facts of a Russian change of heart, but maybe that was only astute tactics.

—PERCY SOMERSET





## In the City

### Over the Fence into Europe

IT will not have escaped the notice of those who indulge the mystic arts of security arbitrage (and even of those who scan with more academic interest the financial trends in London, New York, Frankfurt, Amsterdam and Paris) that while the London Stock Exchange has followed and sometimes led Wall Street in caution, the Continent of Europe has been having a high old time. The 1960s, it has been said, will be Europe's decade. That is certainly how it has begun.

That booming start has found Great Britain in a somewhat ambivalent and uncertain position, and in danger of falling between the Six and the Seven stools. The Common Market of six countries is now a going and highly prosperous concern. That is why the Executive Head of the European Economic Community, Professor Hallstein, recently decided to make haste while the going is good, to accelerate the speed at which the Six are moving towards the objective of completely free trade among themselves and a common tariff against the rest of the world. In moving towards a common tariff he was hoping that the first step would be made on July 1 next. It has now been decided that it will be on January 1, 1961.

It is this acceleration which has brought the whole of Europe outside the Six countries face to face with the problem of tariff discrimination. By the end of the year we shall find Germany, for example, raising its tariff against British cars while it reduces that against French and Italian cars. Hence the surprise and anger of Mr. Macmillan, who, when he was in Washington recently, was induced by this prospect to make his "scholarly comparison" between the Common Market Six and Napoleon's continental bloc. The Prime Minister then reminded his American audience that 150 years ago we had with the help of Russia defeated this ganging up against us—not the most tactful of illustrations.

Whether Britain missed the bus in the formation of a Common Market, or whether through joining the EFTA of the Seven we may yet reach the same destination in a safer and more circum-spect fashion, the important point to note is that a number of British firms have made their own Common Market arrangements. One of these instances of economic clairvoyance was the initiative of the Dunlop Rubber Co. in setting up subsidiaries in France and Germany. The German company in particular is doing extraordinarily well and the Dunlop chairman, Mr. George Beharrell, in his latest review of the Dunlop Group, said that even if the economic growth of Europe took place in the form of two groups the company would not suffer.

Another good example of wise anticipation of events has been provided by the Bowater Paper Corporation which in 1959 made a move of first-class importance by entering the Continent

of Europe and setting up as active manufacturers in Belgium, France and Italy. In this way the group will be able to make its contribution to the trade and technology of the Common Market countries and will serve without hampering tariffs or other restrictions a market of 160 million people.

Yet another way of backing booming Europe would be through the shares of the Philips Lamp Group, Dutch in origin and control, but truly world-wide in its manufacturing and trading interests. It has manufacturing units in most European countries. When the tariffs come clattering down it should be possible to make each concentrate on specialized lines and thus secure the economies of mass production. Philips shares are high priced and yield a bare 2 per cent. In view of the efficiency of the concern and the promise of growth that lies before it, they would appear to be well worth their present flattering valuation.

— LOMBARD LANE

## In the Country



### Avenues

AVENUE history is mainly vogues. Charles II brought the first vogue and there was much planting until about 1740. Avenue trees (mostly beech, linden, elm and horse chestnut rather than oak or yew) then planted would achieve full age between 1880 and 1960. Hence the sad fellings in our time. The story of the great double avenue of elms in Windsor Park is interesting. Back in 1842 the Prince Consort advised that the trees were unsafe and should be felled. A generation later this advice was confirmed by the then Ranger, Prince Christian. But the Queen persisted that "No one should cut down Charles II's avenue." It stood till World War II. (Joy of non-experts when experts are proved mistaken!)

In some places the planting of linden avenues was supposed to advertise Whig sympathies: lindens were favourites of William of Orange, his taste formed by the canal avenues of his country. Here and there Jacobites retorted by planting groups of Scots

pinus—the so-called Charley Clumps. But about 1740–60 the vogue faded. Capability Brown and Company obliterated scores of unwanted avenues in the change-over to the greater naturalism of their new landscape gardening. Sometimes sections were allowed to stand in parks as the nuclei of the more fashionable clumps. But one pundit thought a total clearance better, lest "the place would be haunted by the ghost of the departed avenue." Horace Walpole reluctantly conceded that an avenue might make a fitting approach to "the habitation of some man of distinction," and this 18th-century argument naturally appealed, if unconsciously, to many Victorians. New trees (wellingtonias, Atlas cedars and others) further encouraged a second vogue for avenues.

To-day, despite a few up-and-coming species, not yet teenagers, which commemorate the Festival of Britain and the last Coronation, avenues are out of vogue again. Besides, men walking, riding or driving at 10 m.p.h. in a carriage used to find avenues pleasing. To-day, at 40–60 m.p.h., the effect of flicker is irritating and possibly dangerous. And the increased skid-hazard from the fall of broad leaves has to be considered. We have speeded on since the time of Francis Galton who, seeking to illustrate the idea of a million, once suggested that there would be about one million candles of bloom on each side of the mile-long horse chestnut avenue in Bushey Park.

— J. D. U. WARD



### AT THE PLAY

Ross (HAYMARKET)

**H**OWEVER much is written about Lawrence of Arabia he will remain something of an enigma. This slight, almost shy, intellectual, who won the adoration of the Arabs and the backing of as shrewd a commander as Allenby, who could be perfectly ruthless and maddeningly obstinate, and who, when it was all over, sought anonymity in the ranks under an assumed name—could he, as some hold, have been a phony and an exhibitionist, who bought his success with the Arabs because his saddlebags were filled with gold?

In Ross Terence Rattigan has marshalled very intelligently all the evidence that can help us, a jury of posterity, towards assessing Lawrence's complex character; his reading of it, that he makes convincing, is that Lawrence had a personal faith in the impregnability of his own will-power, and that when his will was smashed by the humiliating brutalities inflicted on him by a Turkish governor who had detected his Achilles heel in his hatred of being touched, he was finished.

Most of Mr. Rattigan's play consists of flashbacks showing us, with documentary precision, Lawrence's astounding successes in the desert war; he sandwiches these between scenes at a Royal Air Force station in 1922, where Lawrence, up before the

C.O. for being late back to camp, is put on a charge for saying he had been dining with Bernard Shaw and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the next morning, the secret of his identity having been sold to the press by a snake in the ranks, he is firmly smuggled out the R.A.F. by an embarrassed Air Ministry. As he goes he declares that all he wants is to sink his name again in a number by re-joining the Services, which of course he did.

Mr. Rattigan has always been very good at the comedy of protocol. The scenes with Allenby, big enough to see the funny side of Lawrence's Crazy Gang salute and his impudent resistance of authority, are delightful; other scenes in which we see Lawrence with his Arabs far behind the Turkish lines are admirably tense. It was Allenby who, for the sake of victory, drove Lawrence to go back again to finish the job when he was already sick at heart; and it was these final experiences, more than any, of atrocity and counter-atrocity, and of the feeling that he

### REP. SELECTION

Ipswich Theatre, *What Every Woman Knows*, until May 28  
Dundee Rep, *The Biggest Thief in Town*, until May 28  
Marlowe, Canterbury, *A Resounding Tinkle* and *A Memory of Two Mondays*, until May 21  
Theatre Royal, York, *Murder On Arrival*, until May 21

had led his Arab friends astray, that left him with the conviction that he had no future.

Ross is a fascinating attempt—and I use the word in no derogatory sense, for it is a fine piece of work—to explain a man who seemed at different times to be several different men. It has presumably been hand-built for Alec Guinness, who plays Lawrence with a subtlety that goes a long way towards explanation. He gives him a slightly donnish manner and a kind of bright innocence before which pomposity crumbles; but the steeliness is there, and the immense reserve, and also the puckish humour of a rather simple-minded small boy. In this beautifully sensitive performance he leaves us in no doubt that after the war Lawrence was tortured by his past.

He is on the stage nearly all the time and has much the biggest part. But Harry Andrews is extremely impressive as



Lawrence of Arabia and Aircraftman Ross—ALEC GUINNESS

[Ross]

Allenby, and Anthony Nicholls as Ronald Storrs, Mark Dignam as an Arab leader, and Geoffrey Keen as the malevolent Turkish governor are all very good. The production, by Glen Byam Shaw, is smoothly expert, and Motley has contrived to suggest enormous quantities of hot sand.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*Rhinoceros* (Royal Court—4/5/60), Laurence Olivier marvellous in Ionesco's satire. *The Caretaker* (Arts—11/5/60), first-class acting in wildly original play. *What Every Woman Knows* (Old Vic—4/5/60), good Barrie well done.

—ERIC KEOWN

### AT THE PICTURES

#### *The Last Voyage* *A Terrible Beauty*

IT'S no use; my blind spot for works like *The Big Fisherman* is complete. I tried hard and conscientiously, and sat through a full hour of it, getting steadily more bored and irritated, but the thought of another hour and three-quarters was too much, and I left. The fact that things like this are enormously popular—*Ben-Hur* is still running at the Empire, *Samson and Delilah* is revived at the Plaza, *Solomon and Sheba* has been months at the Astoria and has only just given place to this one—indicates that no word of mine would make any difference anyway, so let's get on to something I did find some enjoyment in.

The most efficiently entertaining this time, the one that does best what it sets out to do, is *The Last Voyage* (Director: Andrew L. Stone). This story of the last hours of a big liner is a real cliffhanger: the suspense is so skilfully worked up as to be hypnotic. Almost my only objection is that every so often an elderly off-screen voice breaks in to describe in pompous, rhetorical, self-consciously literary phrases what we can perfectly well see for ourselves. Thus as we look at a long shot of the crippled ship, after watching the string of disasters that led to the stopping of her engines, the voice slowly, impressively explains: "The s.s. *Claridon* sat there motionless. Gone now was the throb of her engines. Her heart had stopped." Later we are not allowed to draw our own conclusions from the sight of her sinking by the bow; the voice has to tell us: "Yet slowly—ponderously—the bow slipped down..."

Irritating though this is, the film as a whole weathers it. There's no subtlety or depth of character; there's no theme; it is all plain action and suspense; but as such it is admirably done by all concerned. From the first moment, when a note reading "Fire in engine room" is handed to the Captain (George Sanders) at his table in the crowded dining-room, the tension works up almost continuously. Most effective in the early scenes is the cross-cutting between the frantic activity among the crew below

decks and the cheerful, everyday behaviour of the passengers who know of nothing wrong. The Captain's problem—whether to warn them at once and perhaps cause needless panic, or delay in the hope of saving the ship without letting them know there has been any danger—is fearful, and very well conveyed.

The picture was made on board a real ship (the old *Ile de France*), and the obvious solidity and authenticity of all the sets is a great part of its strength. The climax itself involves so many devices for tightening suspense that a brief description would make it seem almost grotesque; but it is so skilfully done that at the moment it seems utterly convincing. The film has been compared unfavourably with *A Night to Remember*. Personally I found it ten times as gripping and interesting as that.

There isn't much out of the ordinary about *A Terrible Beauty* (Director: Tay Garnett), which is in essentials a hit-and-run, bang-bang thriller with an Irish accent—or a few Irish accents. Much the best of the imitation ones is that of Robert Mitchum, the star—he even gets the L sound right, which is very rare indeed. Some of the others, notably the girls (Anne Heywood, Marianne Benet) hardly try at all.

Mr. Mitchum appears as Dermot O'Neill, who is recruited for the I.R.A. in 1940 without feeling very strongly about it. As somebody says, he'd "rather joke a man out of his ill-temper" than fight him. And so after he has taken part in a few violent activities, and helped a wounded friend (Richard Harris) to escape only to hear later that he has been caught and sentenced to years in prison, he tires of the whole thing and threatens to inform. The leader (Dan O'Herlihy), revelling in his authority and also (unfortunate cliché touch) a coward, has him beaten up, as a result of which he does inform. Then capture, escape, more pursuit, more shooting, and the contrived happy ending. It's not boring, and there's some interesting detail, but really it's pretty conventional.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: see *The Four Hundred Blows* (16/3/60)—or see it again. A remarkable variety of people, some who hardly ever go to films, have told me they enjoyed this. At the International Film Theatre *Come Back Africa* (27/4/60) continues. Lighter stuff: the very funny *Who Was That Lady?* (11/5/60), the flashing musical *Can-Can* (30/3/60), and the bright well-made thriller *The League of Gentlemen* (20/4/60).

*Who Was That Lady?* (114 mins.) is also on release coupled with *Serengeti Shall Not Die* (75 mins.), impressive and visually fascinating colour film about the wild life of Africa. *Hell is a City* (11/5/60—98 mins.) is the misleading title for a crime-and-pursuit story with some good Manchester detail. —RICHARD MALLETT



[A Terrible Beauty  
Dermot O'Neill—ROBERT MITCHUM

### ON THE AIR

#### *The Drama Business*

IF in the whole field of British journalism to-day there is available a more depressing page than "Viewerpoint" in *TV Times* I do not wish to hear about it. It may be assumed that the readers' letters assembled and edited for this weekly feature present an authentic cross-section of the opinions and outlook of those who watch commercial television: if that is so it seems likely that any improvement in the standard of entertainment on Channel 9 (and I am one who grudgingly admits that there is room for such improvement) will be achieved, if at all, with painful slowness, and against mulish opposition from the customers. The recent letter from two (presumably) little girls in Barnsley suggesting that cowboy pictures would gain in interest if some of the cowboys were played by bald-headed men wearing wigs, so that Indians could scalp them, struck me (after a momentary twitch of alarm) as





"That's one we had done when we were still courting."

a fairly harmless piece of comic relief in this page's dogged gloom. But the complaint in the same issue, from a man in Warwickshire, that television plays contain too many close-ups, so that "one is inclined to lose the atmosphere of the theatre," made me marvel at the tenacity and dedication of writers, producers and technicians who are striving still, in the face of such blithe misunderstanding, to perfect a new art-form. I may be wrong, of course: I can't deny, for example, that one is often inclined to lose the atmosphere of the football-match when one is watching a puppet-show, and God knows that's pretty unsettling.

Incidental or background music saves too many bad television plays by its power to stimulate emotion, and bad television plays should not be saved. I would like to see again *The Innocent* (ABC), with all the music removed: I would like *everyone* to see it, and weep. It would have taken a Tchaikovsky to save this one, a murder play thrown together as a vehicle for Diana Dors. Miss Dors is not heavy, but the vehicle fell to pieces less than five minutes after she stepped aboard. To triumph over a gimcrack vehicle it is necessary to be a very good actress indeed, and Miss Dors

was revealed as pathetically lacking in technique, presence, or even personality. She has in some moods a fascinating ugliness of expression, but this is not really enough. Her ITV drama debut had been hailed as an event of some importance. In the midst of the hailing it would have helped if somebody had remembered that plays are not magically rendered acceptable by being tied to well-known names.

Yet another Western series has been bought from American TV for our delight. It is called "Bonanza," and it concerns the silver-rush in Nevada in the middle of the last century. There is probably material here for one or two worthwhile adventure stories; but if one may judge from the first episodes of "Bonanza" we are in for nothing more than a few dozen painfully familiar juvenile melodramas. The acting is by numbers (from one to three), the plots will evidently be well-trying favourites in a new setting, and chairs will be broken over people's heads each week to prove once again that the United States has had a colourful history. And who am I to be so damned superior about such simple hour-long larks as this? I am a chap who believes the detergent-buying public deserves and would tolerate

more grist and less chaff, that's who I am.

If the proceedings in the new BBC panel-game "Laugh Line" are indeed spontaneous a good deal of lively wit may be said to emerge. Bill Owen in the first session was particularly quick and amusing. But if panel-games are to be accepted as a necessary part of our life (and I suppose we must face the fact that they are) I think they should be less cumbersome than this latest manifestation. Simplicity of conception and presentation accounts in large measure for the success of the most entertaining panel-game of all—"The Brains Trust." (I shall remember for a long time, incidentally, Ruth Pitter's hushed, humble expressions of awe and pleasure at Wolf Mankowitz's brawny aphorisms on that programme some weeks ago.)

And now we have John Slater reading a novel aloud for us each evening on BBC television. This is an improvement on radio readings, for here we can actually see the book. May we now have somebody to set beside Mr. Slater and *listen* for us? In that way we could forget about the whole tiresome business of books altogether, creep back into our caves, pull the dinosaur skins over our heads, and wait for the Ice Age.

—HENRY TURTON



# BOOKING OFFICE

## THOUSAND NUTS IN MAY

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

*Wisden Cricketers' Almanack, 1960.* Edited by Norman Preston. *Sporting Handbooks*, 18/6

At a cocktail party, through the usual zoo-like cacophony of tortured larynxes, I chanced to hear the words "... good in bed." My interest in semantics was immediately renewed and to learn more I edged closer to the earnest gossipers. "Yes," said a bronzed young man wearing a Springbok tie, "*Wisden* is very good in bed." I edged away reasonably satisfied.

*Wisden* is good in bed. I am told that a certain hotel in Yorkshire boasts of "*Wisden* in every bedroom." I know personally of a house in The Hague where English visitors are regularly handed the almanack with their night-cap. I have seen the book in a pulpit and in a bathroom. An uncle of mine once ordered a carpenter to rig up shelves round the four walls of his study and to use *Wisden* as his measuring rod. When the work was completed he was shattered to discover that *Wisden* is much shorter in stature than other books, and that the shelves would fit nothing else. With commendable determination he adapted his reading to the physical limitations of his library and in later life earned a small reputation as an authority on "Record Partnerships for Each Wicket."

Every year *Wisden* has a deceptively new look. The cover remains the same, with Eric Ravilious's padless old-timers battling it out in a rich yellow sunset, but within there are photographs and articles of undoubted modernness—five cricketers of the year, champions and runners-up, pieces on brighter cricket, reform, and so on. These topical features, interesting though they are (and more about them later) are not really the heart of the affair. The core of *Wisden* is its dense mass of statistical fact, the ultimate historical précis of the game. When I grow weary of the individual style of the correspondents, of their chattering companionship, it is joy indeed to sit alone in the members' enclosure of the mind with nothing more to go on than (say)—

1921. V. W. C. Jupp, Sussex v. Essex, at Colchester, 102 and 6 for 61, including hat-trick, and 6 for 78.

or

C. Hallows, May 5 to May 31, 1928 (27 days): 100, 101, 51\*, 123, 101\*, 22, 74, 104, 58, 34\*, 232, Av. 125.0.

It is all there, every ball, and I have only to dwell long enough with each over to see the runs accumulating or the wickets tumbling. The correspondents somehow are too restrictive in outlook: they stick to Jupp or Hallows when what the reader needs is freedom to identify himself—not Jupp or Hallows—with that century and hat-trick, those thousand runs in May. *Wisden* is good in bed because the brooder on statistics is free to hit C. G. Macartney's 345 runs in one day (Nottingham, 1921) and to include in it such details as C. J. Barnett's eleven sixes (Bath, 1934), Alletson's 34 off one over (Hove, 1911) and the Rev. W. Fellows's record drive of 175 yards at Oxford in 1856. There are lies, damned lies, and cricket statistics.

This year *Wisden*'s "Five Cricketers

### PRESENTING THE CRITICS



STRAUSFELD

6.—PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE  
Theatre, The Guardian

of the Year" are M. J. K. Smith, K. F. Barrington, D. B. Carr, R. Illingworth and G. Pullar, and their stories are told with eloquence from a splendidly upright stance. It is from such raw material that the future volumes of *Wisden* will be compiled, and if we take a sample paragraph from the note on Smith, it is not too difficult to see exactly how the transposition will be effected:

"In scoring 2,417 for Warwickshire, he broke the county record standing in the name of N. Kilner, and when he scored 142 not out in a remarkable match against Northamptonshire at the beginning of August, he beat R. E. S. Wyatt's 30-year-old record for the most runs scored in a season, for all matches by a Warwickshire player. At 26, he was the youngest batsman ever to reach 3,000, a distinction belonging previously to the great Ranjitsinghi. By way of contrast, he broke Alan Townsend's Warwickshire record of 42 catches in a season."

The most immediately and burningly topical of the articles in this year's bumper bundle is Harry Gee's piece on "Throw and Drag." The current campaign, says Mr. Gee, "is the first world-wide concerted effort to remove the stigma of unfairness in bowling from the game." Umpires are going to have to pull up their socks, stay very much awake and declare themselves boldly. The letter of the Laws must be observed. Either that or the Laws themselves must be revised.

But why shouldn't the bowler throw, I wonder? The batsman is allowed to hit the ball any way he likes, with the front of the bat or the back, the heel or the handle, with one hand or two, with arms straight or bent. Why, then, penalize the bowler? His job, surely, is to project the ball (without artificial aids) at the batsman's wicket, and in my view he ought to be free to put it, bowl it, throw it, lob it, push it, fling it or sling it. As balls and pitches have improved so the Laws have been amended to brighten the game and preserve the balance between bowler and batsman. Consult H. S. Altham's *Dates in Cricket History* and we find that very shortly after the manufacture of the first six-seam ball bowlers were trying out round-arm bowling. Then in 1828 bowling with the hand level with the elbow became legal. Wickets were flattened by heavier rollers, W. G. Grace was born, and in 1864 "overhand" bowling was authorized. Then came marl, dope, Hobbs, Hammond, Bradman, bigger stumps and a new LBW rule.

And now, throwing. Well, why not? It would speed things up,

eliminate foot-drag and make things easier for aging village green trundlers. I think we ought to try it out for a year or two in the County Championship. The grounds would be packed, Anglo-American friendship would be cemented and *Wisden* would be busier than ever.

It would make a change, anyhow, to have former employees of the Boston Red Sox and the Brooklyn Dodgers as the "Five Cricketers of the Year."

## NEW NOVELS

**The Knights of Malta.** Roger Peyrefitte. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-

**Malcolm.** James Purdy. *Secker and Warburg*, 15/-

**The Starved.** Arthur Thompson. *Arthur Barker*, 13/6

**Oh, Careless Love!** Maurice Zolotow. *Gollancz*, 15/-

Roger Peyrefitte, who has been doing a brisk trade in taking the lid off the Vatican, returns to his revelations in *The Knights of Malta*, another novel written with what appears to be first-hand knowledge. But whereas *The Keys of St. Peter* was exciting as a novel and easily followed by a reader unacquainted with the Church of Rome, this new book is such an indigestible mass of intrigue that it is very hard going. Anyone with the fortitude to battle through it, however, will be astonished by the frankness of M. Peyrefitte's attack. The period he describes is 1949-55, during which an all-out attempt was made by a leading cardinal in Rome to gain control for himself of the rich and powerful Order of Malta; on the cardinal's side it is suggested that the campaign, which only just failed in its object, was fought with the most disgraceful jiggery-pokery. No punches are pulled for fear of libel; Cardinal Spellman, for instance, is accused of selling bogus knighthoods in the Order of Malta for enormous sums to American tycoons. This book is no doubt sensational, but it suffers from the weakness inherent in all historical fiction, namely that the reader never knows

exactly what he can believe. Are any of these characters fictitious, and how, he may well ask, does M. Peyrefitte know what the Pope said in private audience on March 11th, 1955? The translation by Edward Hyams is excellent.

The special quality of *Malcolm*, by James Purdy, is not easy to describe. This short novel, in which impervious innocence is matched by high sophistication, has a little of *Alice*, a little of *The Young Visitors*, and a little more of *Firbank*, but is far too original to be considered in any way derivative. Its hero is a rich American boy of fifteen whose father has abandoned him on a park bench and who is given a series of introductions by a passing astrologer so that he may see life. These bring him wildly funny adventures in the company of a whole string of ripe eccentrics. Mr. Purdy's comic portraits are marvellous. To combine artificiality and farce as he does is a rare feat, but he is a really imaginative writer, and though he may be too agile for the general taste, I think him a great discovery.

*The Starved*, by Arthur Thompson, is a first novel that is grimly impressive. A coolly written study of a warped woman, embittered and a miser, who murders to preserve her loneliness and yet is conscious of being miserably cut off, it conveys a frightening picture of someone caught in an invisible cage of frustration. "She dreaded seeing happy people as a black beetle dreads light," and her sole comfort was writing unposted love letters to her gardener. Mr. Thompson seems to have got right inside the mind of this wretched creature, who sits in the dark to save candles though comfortably off; and in a clinical way the results are rather fascinating.

I think if I had come on *Oh, Careless Love!* ten or fifteen years ago I might have liked it better, but it is the kind of self-consciously funny American novel about sex of which I happen to be tiring. The theme of the man entering middle age with everything in the bag—a good job, a devoted wife, children, and so on—and

suddenly unsettled by the thought of all the women who might yet be his may be close to the American knuckle but it has an old ring. Maurice Zolotow explores it with ingenuity, and there are some genuinely comic scenes in his book, so if you like the sound of it don't be put off by me.

—ERIC KEOWN

## TINKLING SYMBOLS

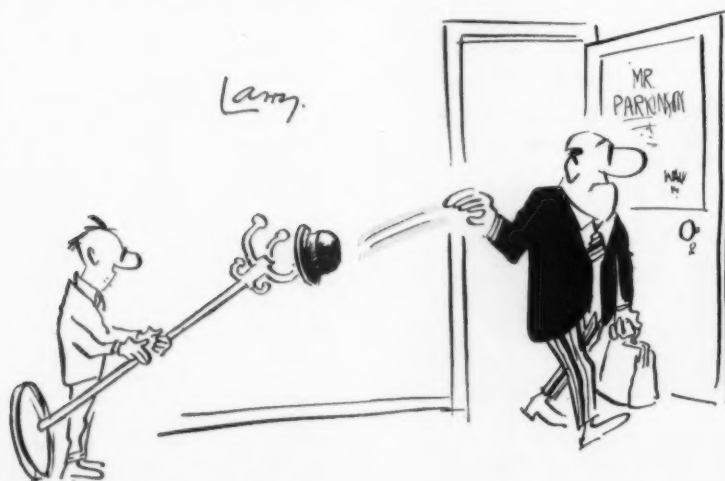
"Plays," Vols. III and IV. Eugene Ionesco. *John Calder*, 18/- each.

"With me there's always first some image, some line or other which sets off the creative mechanism. And then I just let my own characters carry me along." It might be Enid Blyton speaking, but it is Ionesco. Later on, he continues: "For me the theatre is the projection on to the stage of the world within; it is in my dreams, my anguish, my dark desires that I find . . . the stuff of my plays . . . [They] are a part of the heritage of my ancestors, a very ancient deposit to which all mankind may lay claim."

Those quotations are from a one-acter called *Improvisation*, in which Ionesco puts himself on the stage, to be badgered by critics and rescued by his char. With *The Killer*, it makes up all that is worth reading in Volume III of his plays, just as *Rhinoceros* is all that is worth reading in Volume IV. The rest is boring snippets, over-long sketches for a left-bank concert party, put in to make weight.

Both *The Killer* and *Rhinoceros* illustrate Ionesco's method (to begin with an image) as well as the way in which a full-length play forces him to extrapolate from the image instead of merely stating it as he does in one-acters like *The Chairs*, *The New Tenant* and *The Bald Prima Donna* (except for *The Lesson*). In *The Killer* a "radiant city" has been built, but nobody wants to live there because an unknown killer is terrorizing it. To discover, first that such a city exists, when he himself lives in damp and squalor, and then that one man prevents people from enjoying it, determines Bérenger, the hero, to find the killer and stop him from killing people. When he does find him, although he himself is a bigger man and armed, he finds also that the killer has a will stronger than he has. Bérenger tries one civilized argument after another, and in the end submits himself to death. In *Rhinoceros* Berenger (the acute "e" has been dropped) is a defeated, drinking kind of man, who discovers that all the people of his world, one after another and often with excellent reasons, are turning into rhinoceroses. He fails in this also, and at the end of the play, is the only man left.

Extrapolation from a fantastic image is the method of a writer of science fiction. It is not the same thing as allegory or fable. The second of the two quotations at the top of this column suggests that Enid Blyton has been crossed with C. K. Jung, and that Ionesco is saying, in effect, "I do not propose to go through the usual processes of art, and transform my private anguish into a matter of general concern. I don't have to. It is already general, because



at this level I am everybody else, and everybody else is I."

It is enough for him to decorate and extend the image. He enjoys music-hall routines, so most of the plays have them. He enjoys putting exploding cigars into the mouths of those who hold conventional attitudes. He enjoys returning over and over again to private preoccupations, one of the most horrifying of which is that in the twentieth century language has been so abused that the name of a thing has often come to replace the thing itself. It is anarchic, no more. The cant reaction to it is to remark solemnly that we need destruction of this sort so that we may build again, and better. So we may, but, anarchists being anarchists, the building won't be half up before somebody is knocking it down again.

— JOHN BOWEN

## REVELANDA EST CARTHAGO

Carthage. B. H. Warmington. *Robert Hale*, 21/-

One used to think of the Carthaginians as blood-thirsty devotees of human sacrifice and military duty, like some unattractive Old Testament tribe living in the wrong continent, though redeemed by the heroic Hannibal, who brought out the best in the Romans. Mr. Warmington usefully assembles the results of recent research and corrects the distortions caused by seeing Carthage always through Roman eyes; but he leaves the State still far from praiseworthy. He traces the history of the area from the first Phoenician landings down to the destruction of the city, the sowing of the site with salt and the dispersal of the population through Numidia.

He has produced a useful textbook but a rather dull one. The names and dates and battles come thickly and readability is further reduced by the closeness of the type. However, Carthage is a gap in many people's picture of the past and there is an almost physical pleasure when such gaps are filled.

— R. G. G. PRICE

## PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS

Dialogues on Art. Edouard Roditi. *Secker and Warburg*, 30/-

The introduction to this collection of dialogues between the author and twelve European artists has a pleasing liveliness and irony; the only "dialogue" that shows something of the same tone is that with Miro—partly because Mr. Roditi details the extreme difficulty he had in getting Miro to say anything at all. His reports of some of the others, for instance those with Chagall and Giorgio Morandi, had to be approved and corrected by the interviewee, always a deadening process; and most are in effect not dialogues but critical studies in which the artist becomes "I" and "you" in alternate paragraphs. For Mr. Roditi is apt to fill his side of the conversation with analogies and cultural references of intimidating diversity. But throughout, notably in the words of Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore, is much that is helpful and significant; and some

(Chagall, Tchelitchew, Gabriële Münter on Kandinsky) add fascinating reminiscence.

— RICHARD MALLETT

## FOR FANTASY ADDICTS

*The Dragon in the Sea*. Frank Herbert. *Gollancz*, 13/6

*The Giant Stumbles*. John Lymington. *Hodder and Stoughton*, 12/6

Mr. Herbert's book tied in the International Fantasy Award with, of all things, *Lord of the Flies* and *Lord of the Rings*, but science-fanciers should not be put off by such lordly company. It's a straightforward adventure story, set in the twenty-first century, of a submarine-tug with a four-man crew, one of whom is a spy, that sails from Georgia (U.S.A.) to Novaya Zemlya and back to obtain oil from an undersea well in enemy waters. The style would give Mr. Golding or Professor Tolkien blue fits, but the story is terrifically exciting, and laced Kipling-fashion throughout with lovely technicalities and slang. "Johnny, do you feel hot enough on the remotes to snag our ballast hose in the fin prongs of one of our Con-5 fish?" The aeronauts of the A.B.C. would dig that.

In *The Giant Stumbles* a science-writer forecasts that the cumulative effect of nuclear explosions all over the place will result in a momentary check to the earth's rotation, and so to a world-wide cataclysm. His prophecy stirs up a deal of trouble, but the cosmic importance of the occasion is buried in a tiresome welter of family affairs; and the apparent reference to Genesis VIII, 1-6 at the end is really a bit much.

— B. A. YOUNG



## CREDIT BALANCE

*The First World War*. Cyril Falls. *Longmans*, 42/- . An excellent portmanteau history of "the Kaiser's war." The lapse of forty-odd years has enabled the writer to give a detached and enlightened account of the various campaigns, though his detachment has not been sufficient to keep him from a certain indulgence toward some of the personalities involved.

*Little Arthur's Guide to Humbug*. C. E. Vulliamy. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6.

This consists of a series of lessons given by a New York Greek with an academic background to an Etonian in his late teens, in which life's various forms of humbug are explored. Some of the jokes seem a bit old-fashioned, but there is a lot of fun in the book.

*Bridge Quiz*. Ben Cohen. *Foyle*, 4/- . 118 test questions on bidding and play. Useful and not too exotic, though compression makes some answers a bit dictatorial.



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## FOR WOMEN



## You, Too, Can Stay At Home

THE Fifth Republic is out to conquer the world. Not content with selling wine, scent, fashion, steel, cheese, art and Bardot, the French are now trying to export their native scene and way of life. At least so it would appear from a booklet recently published by the French Government Tourist Office in Canada. Surprisingly enough, instead of urging North Americans to visit France, it encourages them to stay at home and go French without as much as crossing the street. "If you love life, you'll love France," the slogan on the cover proclaims, but the rest is for home-lovers and do-it-yourself fiends.

Going French seems entirely a matter of décor. (Did M. Malraux pass the copy?) To bring a bit of gay France to your home "you could build your own model Eiffel Tower out of wood or cardboard," we read, "place it in the centre of the room and radiate red, white and blue (tricolor) streamers from it to all four walls." It sounds fun. The smaller your room, the taller your model should be, unless you want to dodge streamers (tricolor) every time you rise from your chair.

But perhaps you don't like the Eiffel Tower? No matter: you could also build a small Arc de Triomphe, a café terrace or a Paris kiosk. The latter is so easy a child could do it. All it takes is three cardboard drums ("of the type used to ship dry chemicals"), a balloon and French newspapers. Place the drums on top of each other, removing their bottoms to create a tall cylinder; use the balloon for a domed roof and cover the lot with newspapers and posters. If you cut a window at the

correct height, you may serve drinks from the kiosk at your next party.

Talking of parties the booklet gets wildly enthusiastic. To match the décor the hostess should wear a regional costume with the right coiffe, serving French food to the strains of Breton folklore records. An LP recording of solstice dirges will do wonders for the most tongue-tied guest.

Teenagers who may consider such proceedings somewhat square can hold a Left Bank party. This costs more. Abstract paintings and modern sculptures are *de rigueur*, and discussion should be philosophical. "It may help to have a volume or two by Jean-Paul Sartre lying around," the booklet suggests. What, no de Beauvoir, no anti-novel, not a single Ionesco-mushroom

burgeoning from the floorboards? The cultural advice is rather *démodé*. On the next page a can-can cabaret interlude is recommended.

Children should build a French street corner in their spare time. Traffic signs, street notices, fire hydrants and lamp-posts are listed as possible props. The human element is missing. Not a word about Irma la Douce, the Rififi boys, or a latter-day Gabin, shiny with perspiration, stabbing a *fic* outside the old *pharmacie*. But then children like to make up their own games.

In conclusion, a few hints for the energetic. Trim your shrubs to resemble the gardens of Versailles. Deck out your basement room to look like the Lascaux Caves. "Cave walls could be of *papier mâché*; for photographs please contact the French Government Tourist Office," we read on the last page.

Don't let's dismiss the whole thing with a Gallic shrug. A Tourist Office that tells people to stay at home and play with *papier mâché* is up to something. A Government Tourist Office doubly so. This being the age of cultural offensives, the French are clearly waging a new kind of cold war. Two-colour brochures are so much cheaper than guided missiles. With all those Paris kiosks and regional coiffes the whole of North America may slowly drift back into French hands, and lesser nations, always ready to follow Parisian trends, may launch their own identity-twisting campaigns.

Let's beat the invaders at their own

## Romantic Interlude

THE moon was huge, and a nightingale  
Sang from the hawthorn tree,  
And she gazed awhile in her true love's eyes  
And sad, sad thoughts thought she:

Do I love him enough to press his pants?  
To knit him a jersey? To water his plants?  
Do I love him enough to sew on a button?  
To get up and cook him his breakfast—the glutton?  
To honour and humour, to bear and obey him?  
And all on the ludicrous pittance they pay him?

Do I really adore him enough to dust?  
Alas, I suppose I do, if I must.

— JEAN SHERWIN



game. How about turning the main bedroom into an old Russian bed-sitter? All you need is a vast circular stove with shelves, big enough to occupy most of the room. Don't worry, you won't need the beds: the whole family sleeps on the stove shelves, the children on top, the old folks below. Use straw for bedding. An ikon and a cardboard model of the Kremlin (paint the domes in bright shades) will give local colour. You'll also need birchwood vats for the sour milk and an inexpensive samovar.

Your dining-room would make a jolly Bavarian *Bierhalle*. Decorate the walls with Teutonic murals. One or two fratricide scenes from the Song of the Nibelungen will spell a convivial atmosphere. A scrubbed pine table and very hard chairs with heart motives shouldn't cost much, but you may have trouble in

finding proper stone jugs. Add a cuckoo-clock, gingham curtains and a fretwork model of the Munich Town Hall. Whoever serves the meal must wear a dirndl and drop a curtsy before passing the gravy.

No, it isn't unpatriotic. While pseudo-Bulgarian peasants hold their annual rose petal feast on Ealing Common, the Swiss may quietly go British. Banishing their well-protected water pipes to the outside walls of their houses, they may transform their living-room by means of atmospheric props. A three-piece suite in uncut moquette. A laminated coal hod. Six Peter Scott reproductions. A tin model of the Albert Memorial. But Ludwig, where shall we put those china bunnies?

If we get homesick, we can always go abroad.

— BEATA BISHOP

## Shining Hours

WHEN the term begins and the children are back at their boarding schools I make my plan for, *this* term, using every minute of my staggering bonus of time. Why, I can learn Portuguese! Read Malory! Get the hang of Art Nouveau or Byzantine history!

However, before I so much as pick up a Virgil for the odd brushing-up glance two postcards arrive, *Dear Mummy, please send*, and there I am sewing zips in Other Skirts, beating on dry-cleaners' doors for Other Blouses, re-splicing the Sherlock Holmes Omnibus, wrapping up the hand-cream, hearing the sub-postmaster's little joke about me and my parcels again. Whew. Now it's two days' concentrated housework because some people are coming for the week-end, followed by one day's concentrated housework because they've gone. *War and Peace*, I'm the only person in the world who hasn't read it, I shall start with that.

After my daughter's birthday of course, I mean after I've got ready for her birthday. I take two days out for this, with the shopping, wrapping and facing the sub-postmaster, or say three because here I am getting ready to go away for the week-end, always a couple of day's work when you're still a bit unkempt from the holidays. It is a

very practical week-end we spend with our friends in their new house, fixing the larder shelves, bricklaying and so on, a nice contrast in fact to the study of Staffordshire slipware which I've borrowed the book of and plan to inaugurate the course with on Monday.

I should say Wednesday, actually, owing to how you have to fuss a bit over your house when you've been away, getting the boiler going, doing the odd spot of washing. Perhaps I put too much zeal into the washing because I honestly need that Thursday off before getting ready to visit our son at school on Saturday, no, sorry, our daughter, our son's is the week-end after that, the one before half-term as it happens. Bit 'of a setback to *The Conquest of Mexico*, which of course is what I really ought to read first, but I do want to finish knitting both pairs of gloves before I see them . . .

Now it's half-term and downstairs the children are playing the piano and the gramophone while I pull sticky tape off the carpet and think: are my bright dreams fading somewhat? Do I *want*, all that much, that much knowledge? Isn't it a rather nebulous and, so to speak, extra element of life compared with legs of lamb and where my duster's got to?

. . . Now half the term has gone, the holidays are almost visible, and whether or not one *should* be mugging up culture is beside the point. I can't, I've got to paint the kitchen somehow; not that I ever have a spare moment.

— ANGELA MILNE



"And you always use Fizzo in your washing-up water."

# Toby Competitions

## No. 114—Are You All Right, Jack?

COMPETITORS are invited to draw up a list of questions (minimum six, maximum ten) to be put to candidates applying for the appointment of shop steward.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. The closing date for entries has been advanced. They must be received by first post on Wednesday, May 25. Address to TOBY COMPETITION NO. 114, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 111

(How's the Postilion Now?)

Competitors were invited to provide four sentences from a phrasebook of conversation for use on other British travellers abroad. Entries were rather repetitive and curiously old-fashioned, excitable foreigners, shouting Englishmen, bad drains and all. There were some good singles but few boundaries. Travel was limited to Western Europe.

The winner is:

E. O. PARROTT  
47 DAVER COURT  
CHELSEA MANOR STREET  
LONDON, S.W.3

There is an excellent carpet merchant in the Casbah from whom it is possible to obtain *The Times*.

Is it not droll that the sea-sickness preparation of the local apothecary should be so efficacious in annihilating the local cockroaches!

We are returning to Ruislip a few days ahead of our desires, so would you care to purchase seven pounds of good English tea?

Let us forbear to exchange our places of abode, admitting to ourselves that it is unlikely we shall ever write.

Among the runners-up were:

On meeting a fellow-countryman whose car has arrived by plane: "Very nice for shine: actually we never bring ours—she's too big for the aircraft."

Keep off the Test Match: "Afraid I haven't heard the score, old chap—in any case I never talk shop on holiday."

Should a strange Englishman offer you a drink, say shyly: "Well, thanks—I'd like

my usual: champagne cocktail, please, Pierre."

When meeting an attractive British girl in the hotel lobby it is advisable to address her primarily in a foreign tongue, e.g.: "Allo, mamselle"; "Buenos dias, señorita"; etc. Embarrassed giggles—discovery—closer acquaintance.

John L. Mackwood, Ship Inn, Ichenor, Chichester, Sussex

In the Camping Site: "Does one tighten or loosen for rain?"

At the Casino: "Are we playing with new or old francs?"

At the Cathedral: "Is the whisky any better than the beer?"

Anywhere: "Have you heard the story of the woman who smuggled watches in her corsets?"

M. Kelleigh, Wood Grange, Shire Lane, Chorleywood, Herts.

In Athens: "These little Greek wines often have curiously Byronic overtones, don't you think? (To wife, in full earshot of other travellers) Now what was it Freya told us to look out for particularly on Samos?"

In the Alps: "Personally, old boy, once up the Eiger was quite enough for me..."

At Monte Carlo: "It's refreshing, isn't it, to think there's still one place where you can be sure of meeting only the most vulgar people?"

Martin Fagg, 22 Pinewood Road, Bromley, Kent.

"D'you happen to know where one can get a shower?"

"What school did he go to?"

"One lump or two?"

"That animal's quite splendid."

Roger Till, 14 Western Hill, Durham

"Je speke not english."

"Ich kan not the english speak."

"Si parlo on inglese."

"I KAN NO ENGLISH SPIK."

Mrs. Colette P. H. Peal, 4 rue du Docteur Curis, Marçq-en-Barœul, Nord, France

, One guinea book tokens to the above, and to:

Granville Garley, 15 Doric Avenue South, Frodsham, Cheshire; John Henderson, 59 Marlborough Road, Langley, Bucks.

☆

## Doctor, Doctor!

"In 1952/3 she wrote the script for 'Mrs. Dale's Diary.' It was while completing her daily stint for the 'Diary' at four one morning, that her son, Charles, was born two hours later."—From a film publicity handout



"Why, Mr. Jolly, I wouldn't say you're inarticulate."

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